

The Tatler

& BYSTANDER



DEC. 25. 1957
TWO SHILLINGS

OPERA SEASON : February to March
 THEATRICAL SEASON : December until end of April
 CONCERT SEASON : October until end of April
 BALLET SEASON : At Christmas and at Easter

AT THE INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB
 from December 24th until end of April :
 PRINCIPAL GALAS: December 24th, Christmas Eve
 December 31st, New Year's Eve
 January 6th, Gala Dinner "Des Rois"
 February 7th, Rose Ball
 February 28th, Spring Ball
 AIME BARELLI and HIS ORCHESTRA
 and produced by ANDRE LEVASSEUR
 "LE BALLET DU SPORTING CLUB"
 Choreography and Scenery by ARTHUR PLASSCHAERT

Gd PRIX AUTOMOBILE : May 18th
 PIGEON SHOOTING : February to March
 MONTE CARLO AUTOMOBILE RALLY: January 22nd to 29th
 TENNIS: All the year round. 18 courts. Many tournaments

WINTER SEASON 1957-1958

MONTE-CARLO



GOLF (Mont-Agel): Altitude, 810 m., 18 holes.
 Alpine Garden, Orientation table, Numerous competitions

GOLF SCHOOL at the International Sporting Club

BALL-TRAP at the Stand of Ranier III.
 Numerous challenges

YACHT CLUB: Clubhouse open all the year round

Under-water fishing and big game fishing
 International Sailing Regattas
 Motor-boat racing

HOTEL DE PARIS

HOTEL HERMITAGE

Full information: Service Publicity, Casino de Monte-Carlo





DEC. 25, 1957
TWO SHILLINGS

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA celebrates her twenty-first birthday today. Her Royal Highness is spending Christmas with the Queen and other members of the Royal Family at Sandringham; December 25 is also the birthday of the Duchess of Gloucester. Princess Alexandra, who has inherited her mother's beauty and charm, has wide interests, and has carried out her many official engagements in the past year with grace and delightful informality. This colour photograph is by Tony Armstrong Jones

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From December 25 to January 1

Dec. 25 (Wed.) Christmas Day.

The Queen will speak to her people on television and sound radio programmes.

Dec. 26 (Thu.) Boxing Day.

Rugby Football: Combined Services v. Australians (Wallabies), Twickenham. Tideway Boxing Day Regatta, on the Thames.

Steeplechasing at Kempton Park, Market Rasen, Wolverhampton, Huntingdon, Sedgefield, Wetherby, Wincanton and Fontwell Park.

Dec. 27 (Fri.) The Dublin Dog Show.

Steeplechasing at Kempton Park, Market Rasen, Wolverhampton and Taunton.

Dec. 28 (Sat.) Steeplechasing at Newbury and Wetherby.

Dec. 29 (Sun.)

Dec. 30 (Mon.) Chess: International Chess Congress (to January 8), Hastings. Steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

Dec. 31 (Tue.) New Year's Eve.

National Schoolboys' Own Exhibition (to January 11, 1958), at the Royal Horticultural Society's Halls, London. Chelsea Arts Ball, Royal Albert Hall. Steeplechasing at Cheltenham.

Jan. 1 (Wed.) New Year's Day.

National Boat Show (to 11), Olympia. Steeplechasing at Plumpton and Manchester.

IN LONDON NOW HOLIDAY SHOWS

"PUSS IN BOOTS" (Theatre Royal, Stratford)

Cat-lovers and the nostalgic alike will find a pilgrimage to the East richly rewarded

"KING CHARMING" (Player's)

Planché's extravaganza of 1850 produced with a true flair for Victoriana

PANTOMIMETEATER (Prince's)

Fascinating import from Copenhagen, with a strong flavour of the Commedia dell' Arte

"THE WATER BABIES" (Hogarth Puppets: Lyric, Hammersmith)

Forty giant puppets in a riveting adaptation of Kingsley's tale

"NEW CLOTHES FOR THE EMPEROR" (Arts) (Matinées only)

A Hans Andersen favourite whose stage rendering will delight the children

"PETER PAN" (Scala)

Margaret Lockwood in the play the years burnish, but do not wear out

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM" (Old Vic)

Contrast (among other virtues) yields a perfect midwinter entertainment

"THE TEMPEST" (Theatre Royal, Drury Lane)

Sir John Gielgud uses the voice that recently shook the Paris critics, to give a superb interpretation of Prospero

"ROBINSON CRUSOE" (Palladium)

A mighty bolt loosed to defend traditional panto, with Arthur Askey as the Dame

"NODDY IN TOYLAND" (Prince's) (Matinées only)

The full whirl of the Enid Blyton world, guaranteed to hypnotize the young

"THE NUTCRACKER" (Festival Hall)

The Festival Ballet in a new production, with Tchaikovsky's thistledown music

"THESE FOOLISH KINGS" (Victoria Palace)

The Crazy Gang's offering, which seems likely to run for ever

"WINTER WONDERLAND" (Empire Pool, Wembley)

Overseas skating stars in an ice fantasy glittering with new ideas

"FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY" (Apollo)

Second year of a revue still kept up to the minute in its topical allusions

"SALAD DAYS" (Vaudeville)

The discernment of the younger set has made this revue a most remarkable stayer

"SHARE MY LETTUCE" (Comedy)

Another lighthearted revue, fresh and crisp as its vegetable patronymic

"AT THE DROP OF A HAT" (Fortune)

Unique two-man entertainment by Michael Flanders and Donald Swann. A wider public soon followed the first delighted initiates

"GRAB ME A GONDOLA" (Lyric)

The musical that put the mink bikini firmly on the satirical map

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE" (Criterion)

A light conjugal comedy, with plenty of incident and many laughs

"FREE AS AIR" (Savoy)

Delightful fine-spun revue, whose points, nonetheless, do rather more than tickle

"THE BOY FRIEND" (Wyndham's)

The grown-ups' "Peter Pan" and likely (it seems) to be as durable

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS (Olympia)

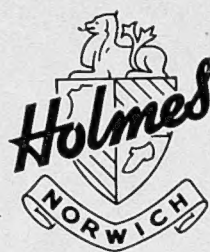
For myriads this is the spectacular, exciting heart of the holiday

TOM ARNOLD'S CIRCUS (Harringay)

Here circus-sophisticates may be seen in battalions, training-on their young

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY: This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions: That it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2/-, and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever. POSTAGE: Inland, 4d. Canada, 14d. Foreign, 44d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number) £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number) £3 5s. (without Christmas number) £3 1s. Three months (no extras) £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

The Diagonal Line
for Tall Girls

**DIABOLO**

In Walnut or Black
American Fittings
AAAA, AA, B

79/11



The Diagonal Line—
nothing more flattering
for the girl with the
larger than average foot.

Sizes 7 to 10½ only (American 8½ to 12)
Fittings AAAA, AA, B

8 SACKVILLE STREET, LONDON W.1

MEDITERRANEAN AND GREEK ISLANDS CRUISE

by
T.S.S. OLYMPIA

(in conjunction with T.S.S. NEW YORK)

Commencing
SOUTHAMPTON

January 24th 1958

Fares from £320



— 51 DAYS — 25 PORTS —
— 3 CONTINENTS —

Apply any Travel Agent or:

GREEK LINE

Dept. T.L. 28 PICCADILLY, LONDON W.1. Tel: REGENT 4141

AHOY THERE!



BRITAIN'S
FOURTH NATIONAL

BOAT SHOW OLYMPIA

(EMPIRE HALL)

JANUARY 1—11, 1958

NEW!

YACHTS • CRUISERS • DINGHIES • RUNABOUTS
CANOES—a gay flotilla of craft from £10 to £10,000.

LATEST!

FITTINGS • FINISHES • FASHIONS • SAFETY
AIDS • SAILS • FISHING TACKLE

ENGINES—for boats of every kind.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS

FAMILY HOUSEBOAT • 'BOATING-ON-A-BUDGET'
REVOLUTIONARY HYDROFOIL CRAFT
'BUILD-IT-YOURSELF BOATYARD'

IT'S FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY!

10 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily

ADMISSION: Adults 3/-, Children 1/6.

Opening Day until 5 p.m.—10/-.

SPONSORED BY THE

DAILY EXPRESS

Organised by the Ship & Boat Builders' National Federation



Desmond O'Neill

At a hunt ball in Tunbridge Wells

THE MARQUESS OF ABERGAVENNY and Mrs. W. H. Gérard Leigh are seen (above, centre) among the dancers at the Eridge Hunt Ball. In the foreground are Mr. C. H. D. Denning, Miss Patricia

Fane, Mr. Andrew Fachiri and Mrs. Fachiri. Further photographs of the ball, which was held in the picturesque Elizabethan Barn at Tunbridge Wells, Kent, will be found on pages 724 and 725

ERIDGE HUNT BALL

THE ELIZABETHAN BARN at Tunbridge Wells was the scene of the Eridge Hunt Ball. Nearly four hundred members of the Hunt and their friends enjoyed an evening of dancing ending with the traditional breakfast



Mrs. Lloyd-Thomas dancing with Mr. David Lloyd-Thomas. During the evening a barbecue supper was served



Mr. Gerald Williams, Mrs. Field-Marsham and Major R. Field-Marsham, M.F.H.

Social Journal

Jennifer

A WISH FOR CHRISTMAS DAY

TO the Queen, all members of the Royal Family and readers all over the world, I send my sincerest wishes for a very happy Christmas, and may 1958 be a year of peace and prosperity for everyone. Today, Christmas Day, we will all have the great joy of seeing our beloved Queen on television delivering her Christmas message to her people all over the world. May God bless her.

★ ★ ★

PRINCESS MARGARET, looking very pretty in a long dress of cream tulle and lace, danced frequently at the coming-out ball given by Viscount and Viscountess Ingleby for their débutante daughter the Hon. Mary Rose Peake at Claridge's. This was the last débutante dance of 1957 and certainly one of the very best—beautifully done in every detail—and it went with a tremendous swing right from the start.

Two gaily decorated Christmas trees stood on each side of the entrance to the ballroom, and very artistic Constance Spry decorations of holly, scarlet poinsettias, silver bells and silver ferns and foliage added to the gaiety of the ballroom and the supper rooms, where scarlet candles in silver candelabra had tiny garlands of berried holly. I was interested to hear that Lady Ingleby was sending all these lovely decorations round to St. George's Hospital next morning so that the patients there could enjoy them.

Mary Rose looked enchanting in a pale blue satin dress with touches of a darker shade, as she stood receiving the guests with Viscount and Viscountess Ingleby; the latter very elegant in a dress of vivid scarlet faille on which she wore a magnificent parure of diamonds and a superb high diamond tiara. Among the elder guests, many of whom had given dinner parties, I met the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, Lord and Lady Clitheroe, Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted, the latter wearing lovely rubies and diamonds with her pink satin dress, Col. and the Hon. Mrs. John Wills, Lord and Lady Buckhurst and Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner.

Also dancing were Lady Birley, widow of the distinguished portrait painter, wearing a magnificent tiara with her evening dress, Col. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, the Countess of Dudley in a short draped mole-coloured chiffon dress, Mr. Rory More-O'Ferrall and Lady Elisabeth More-O'Ferrall who was in green, Mrs. Berkeley Stafford in red chiffon, Viscount and Viscountess Gage, Mr. James Pitman, a little late after voting in the House, and the Hon. Mrs. Pitman, Mrs.

Gerald Walker, Mrs. Lane Fox and her daughter Miss Felicity Lane Fox, who always had a group of friends around her wheelchair, and Lord and Lady Rupert Nevill. Lord and Lady Ingleby's elder daughters, the Hon. Mrs. Hay and the Hon. Iris Peake, were both there, and also in blue. The Hon. Iris Peake is lady-in-waiting to Princess Margaret, but on this occasion Lady Elizabeth Cavendish was in attendance.

Other younger guests included the Duke of Atholl, the Marquess of Hamilton and his sister Lady Moira Hamilton, the Hon. Caroline Lawson-Johnston, her cousin Miss Mary Pitman, Lady Rose Bligh very pretty in black tulle over white, Mr. Billy Wallace, the Hon. Angus and the Hon. Jamie Ogilvy, Miss Sarah Johnstone in blue, Miss Daphne Philipps in a pink striped dress, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain in pale pink satin, Miss Marina Kennedy, wistful and pretty in a lovely white grosgrain dress, Miss Diana Goodhart and her brother Joe, and Miss Tessa Milne in a red chiffon crinoline. Others enjoying this very good dance, which for many of them brought an end to a memorable season, were Lady Daphne Cadogan, Miss Christabel Carlyle in white, Miss Merle Ropner, Miss Elisabeth Grimston, Miss Julia Williamson and Miss Susan Wills.

Also Lady Lily Serena Lumley, pretty in lavender tulle, Miss Marietta Salisbury-Jones, Capt. Tony Samuelson, Mr. Nicholas Buckley and Lady Davina Pepys enchanting in pink and Miss Dominie Riley-Smith in white, who are both officially making their début next year.

★ ★ ★

RED poinsettias and red carnations were arranged on the altar and two vases of poinsettias, arum lilies and white chrysanthemums on each side of the chancel steps of St. Michael's, Chester Square, for the marriage of Mr. David Russell, son of the late Brig. H. E. Russell and Mrs. H. E. Russell, to Miss Elizabeth Gage, daughter of Major and Mrs. Edward Gage. The Rev. Charles Roderick, as is always his way, conducted the ceremony with great sincerity and reverence, and the organist and choir of St. Michael's did justice to the beautiful music chosen, especially the lovely anthem, "Blessed be the God and Father," by S. S. Wesley, which was sung during the signing of the register.

Elizabeth Gage, who is a very pretty girl, made a radiant bride. She was given away by her father and wore a beautiful dress of white oyster tinted satin, while her tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara.



Mrs. W. H. Gerard Leigh
with Mr. E. Cooper-Key



Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh
and Lady Roderick Pratt

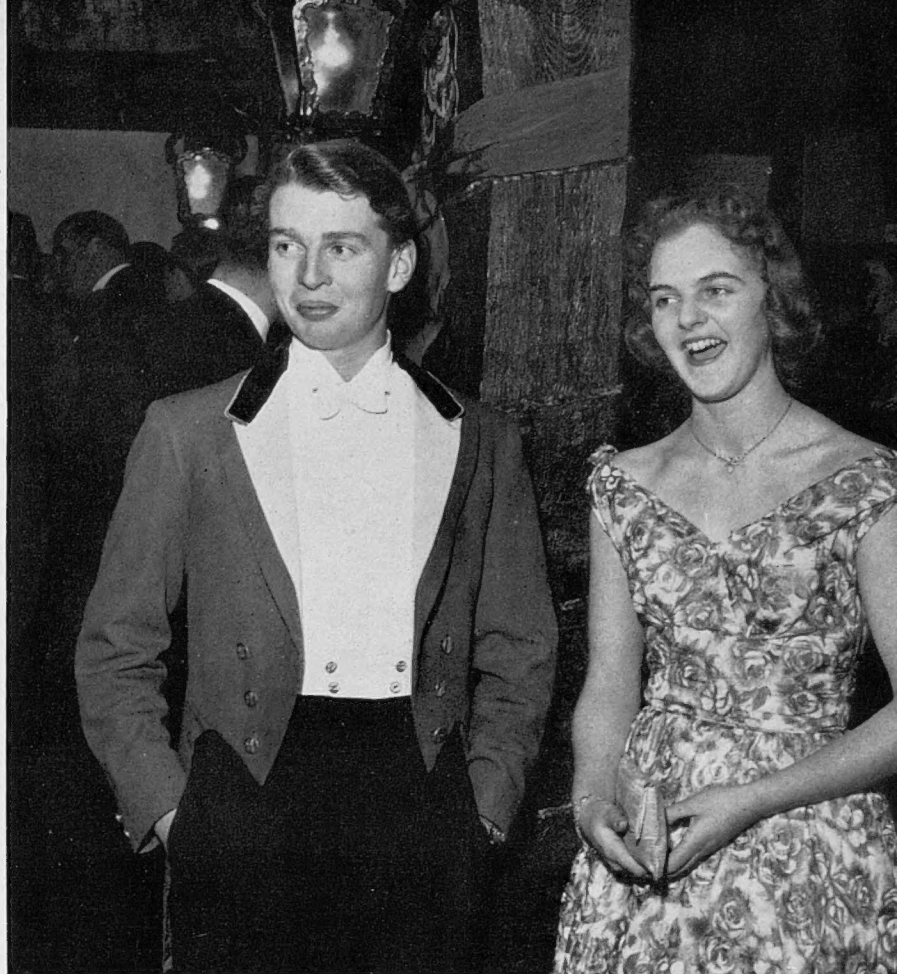
The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
DEC. 25,
1957
725



Lady Keyes and Cdr. D.
Heber-Percy



The Hon. Ralph and Mrs.
Mansfield



Mr. Nicholas Gaselee watches the dancing in company
with Miss Jacqueline Marsham

Her two pages, Andrew Tidbury and Thomas Foster, were dressed in replicas of the uniform of the XII Lancers. There were two child bridesmaids, Caroline Tidbury and Sarah Whitbread, who wore long white embroidered organza dresses with scarlet sashes. Three grown-up bridesmaids were in very sophisticated and attractive ballet-length dresses of poinsettia red faille with barrel skirts and little bows at the back. Their very neat head-dresses were of the same material. They were the Hon. Virginia Harcourt, Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort and Miss Marion MacIntosh. Mr. Alistair Smith-Maxwell was best man.

The bride's mother looked most attractive in a sapphire blue velvet suit and a hat to match trimmed with an ostrich feather. The bridegroom's mother was also very chic in a silk dress of deep rose colour with a red velvet hat to match. I did not, alas, have time to go on to the reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, but among friends and relations I saw in the church were Viscount and Viscountess Gage, the bride's grandmother Mrs. Malcolm, the bride's brother Mr. Robin Gage who was one of the ushers, and her pretty sister Miss Anne Gage.

The bridegroom's brother-in-law and sister Capt. and Mrs. Tidbury were there, and his grandmother Mrs. Stephens, his aunt Mrs. William Whitbread and his cousin and godfather Sir Spencer Summers, M.P. for Aylesbury, and Lady Summers.

Also present were Lady Mary Stopford and her mother Mrs. Vian, Mrs. Charles Hill and her pretty daughter Miss Fleur Kirwan-Taylor whose engagement to Sir Brian and Lady Mountain's son and heir, Mr. Denis Mountain, was recently announced, Miss Penelope Ansley, Mr. Kenneth Foster whose son was one of the pages, the Hon. Timothy Jessel, Miss Sally Probart Jones, Mr. Tommy Sopwith, Mr. Robin and the Hon. Mrs. Hill, Lady Gillian Anderson and Mrs. David Watney.

★ ★ ★

MR. JAMES RIDDELL, chairman of the Kandahar Ski Club, presided at their annual dinner-dance at the Savoy. This is always a happy and informal affair where nearly everyone knows everyone else and the topic of conversation (at least to begin with) is usually "What are your plans for this season and where will you be?" His official duties as Deputy Supreme Commander with the Allied Powers in Europe prevented the President, Viscount Montgomery, from attending this year, but that doyen of ski-ing Sir Arnold Lunn was present in scintillating form, and leaving shortly for Switzerland for the season.

The Countess of Selkirk, who before the war was one of the finest women ski-ers in the world, was there with the Earl of Selkirk, who is also very keen on the sport. She was looking very attractive in a flame-coloured organza dress. I saw Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield, two more inveterate ski-ers who told me they were going off as usual, directly Parliament rose, to spend Christmas in Engleberg, then on to Sannenmoser and later to Villars, where Sir Wavell will be helping with the junior championships to be run there on January 10 and 11.



Miss Virginia Gaselee and
Mr. Garry Daintrey



Mr. Colin Macgregor and Miss
Glenna Critchley



Mrs. T. H. Douglas, Mrs. Rook, Major L. Rook,
M.F.H., and Mr. Tim Hammond

Desmond O'Neill



AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE at St. Michael's, Chester Square, Mr. David Russell and his bride, formerly Miss Elizabeth Gage, are seen with the best man, Mr. Alastair Smith-Maxwell, and their retinue. The three grown-up bridesmaids were the Hon. Virginia Harcourt, Miss Elizabeth Kleinwort and Miss Marion MacIntosh, and pages and attendants Thomas Foster, Sarah Whitbread and Andrew and Caroline Tidbury

Col. "Bunny" Nugent-Head had flown in that morning from New York for a few days here on his way to Grindelwald, and was sitting at the chairman's table. Mr. Eric Lewns, who had arranged the dinner so well, Lady Chamier, Mrs. Paul Hepworth, Miss "Soss" Roe, Miss Hilary Laing, Miss Rona Macleod, Mrs. Ripley Oddie, Miss Addie Pryor, Mr. Ken Smith, President of the Alpine Ski Club, and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Boyagis, Miss Roddy Warren Pearl and Mrs. Alan Butler were among the big number of ski-ing personalities enjoying this very good evening.

MRS. BUTLER and her husband, who was also present, were shortly off to their home in Rhodesia for a few months. Mrs. Butler and some of her family will come back in March for spring ski-ing in Zermatt and Austria. At their table were those great enthusiasts, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Goldburger, also Canadian-born Mrs. Nugent, whose sons Viscount Carlow and the Hon. Lionel Dawson-Damer also share her love of ski-ing, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Eaton. Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh—he is chairman of the D.H.O. Ski Club—came in after dinner, and among others I saw were Major-General Hogg, Mr. and Mrs. Aitchison, Mr. Toby O'Brien, Major and Mrs. Hadow, Mr. John Howkins, the famous gynaecologist, and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Joseph. Though neither of them is a ski-ing enthusiast, Mr. Joseph has just published a really splendid book written by the Kandahar club chairman, called *The Ski Runs of Switzerland*, with a foreword by Sir Arnold Lunn.

Mr. Riddell, who is one of the finest ski-ers we have ever had, and did invaluable work in the war training our troops, also writes very well indeed and this latest book of his, to write which he spent many months in Switzerland last winter trying the various runs, is beautifully produced, with clear illustrations and diagrams, and full of invaluable information never before published or put together. It will I am sure become a second Bible for all ski-ers. I was interested to hear that so many people keen on ski-ing have said to the author: "Why did you

not include the ski runs of Austria, too?" so that a few days after the Kandahar dinner the author left for Austria to gather information and write a book on the runs out there.

★ ★ ★

AT most parties recently conversation has turned on Christmas holiday plans, and for those who can afford it a trip to the sunshine early in the New Year. At a cocktail party given by Ann Lady Orr-Lewis at the Dorchester, Nassau and the Bahamas seemed to be the choice of many present. This was not surprising as the guests of honour were Mr. Eddie Taylor from Toronto and his charming wife and daughter. Mr. Taylor went down to Nassau a few winters ago on doctor's orders to recuperate after a bad riding accident and decided to buy a house there. He discovered that it was a wonderful climate as, although you can bathe and sunbathe on the silvery, sandy beaches throughout the winter, it is not too hot to play golf or tennis; so he bought a large piece of land with a lot of sea frontage at the Lyford Cay end of the island, and is developing it in the most luxurious manner.

Already a superb new eighteen-hole golf course is nearly finished and it is hoped to have the very luxurious country club and the new yacht basin built and ready by next winter. I hope to get out there for a short visit towards the end of February, after which I can tell you more about it.

Quite a number of Englishmen have already bought sites on this property to build their own houses beside the sea, where yachting facilities are splendid, and near the new golf course (there is already another eighteen-hole golf course nearer to the town of Nassau). These include the Earl of Dudley and Viscount Astor, who were both at this cocktail party (the former has left for Nassau), the Earl of Feversham and the Hon. Reginald Winn.

At the party I also met Col. and Mrs. Eric Phillips, who were flying back to Toronto next day and planning to spend Christmas at their house in Nassau. Viscount Hardinge was there; he too was flying back to Canada a few days later. He and Viscountess Hardinge now make their home in the Dominion, and he had been over here on a business visit. The Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt, Mrs. Jean Garland who is off to Nassau in the New Year, Lady Willoughby de Broke, Mr. Henry Tiarks who has also bought a site on this new development at Lyford Cay, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills, Lady Elizabeth Clyde and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McAlpine, who with their three sons have gone out to spend Christmas with his parents Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine in their Nassau home, were also at the party.

★ ★ ★

THE brilliant young French pianist Eric Heidsieck received a great ovation at his most recent appearance in London, from an audience who really appreciated his beautiful playing. This was when he gave a concert at the Wigmore Hall, playing among other works Handel's Suite in G Minor No. 16, a sonata by Beethoven, Polonaise-Fantasia by Chopin, and Kreisleriana Op. 16 by Schumann, ending with Ravel's Tombeau de Couperin, at which he excelled himself. Among many musical friends in the audience were the famous pianists Mr. Clifford Curzon and Mr. Ivor Newton, those two well-known conductors Mr. Royalton Kisch and Mr. Harry Black, also Lord and Lady Mancroft, Sir Beverley and Lady Baxter and Major and Mrs. Harry Stanley.

Eric Heidsieck's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jean-Charles Heidsieck, were over with him and during their few days here had managed to see many friends and attend two weddings; the Gage-Russell wedding about which I have written earlier, and the nuptials of Lady Olivier's daughter Miss Suzanne Holman to Mr. Robin Farrington, which took place on the afternoon of the concert. Eric Heidsieck is due to play over here



Wedding guests at the Hyde Park Hotel reception of Mr. and Mrs. David Russell

Miss Olivia Stedall and Mr. William Fox

Miss A. Gage, Mr. John Peyton, Lady Gillian Anderson

Mr. Thomas Sopwith and Miss Jennifer Thompson

Miss Susie Ley, Mrs. David Watney, Mr. C. Stenham

Desmond O'Hara

at the Royal Festival Hall in May, and it is hoped that his pending National Service in France will not stop this engagement.

★ ★ ★

IN 1954 three débutantes who had been to school together, and were great friends, decided it would be fun to share their coming out dance, and were soon nicknamed by their young friends "The Three Musketeers." Now the first of this delightful trio has got married. This is Miss Caroline Starkey, daughter of Sir William and Lady Starkey. She made a really lovely bride when she married Mr. John Hervey-Bathurst, son of Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst and Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst, in Southwell Minster, which dates back to the Norman period and is quite unchanged. The ceremony was conducted by the Bishop of Southwell assisted by the Rev. A. Miskin, and white flowers, beautifully arranged, decorated the Minster.

The bride was given away by her father and wore a gown of white organza over satin, with her tulle veil held in place by a coronet of roses. She had a retinue of children, three pages and eight little bridesmaids, Liell Franklin, James Hervey-Bathurst, and James Wigan, with the Hon. Cassandra Jervis, Lavender Davie, Chloe Eley (an enchanting little girl with pink cheeks and a cherubic smile), Sandra Watson, Mary Gordon-Watson, Victoria Craven-Smith-Milnes, Charlotte Darwin and Christian Gurney. The pages wore white shirts, dark green cummerbunds and long white corduroy trousers, and the bridesmaids white organza dresses, dark green sashes and circlets of lilies of the valley on their heads.

After the ceremony Sir William and Lady Starkey, the latter very attractive in brown velvet with an emerald green hat, held a reception at their home, Norwood Park. Here I met the bridegroom's mother, who looked charming in red with a little black hat, and his sister Miss Selina Hervey-Bathurst. Other members of both families present included Sir Frederick Hervey-Bathurst, his stepmother Katherine Lady Hervey-Bathurst, the bride's brothers John Starkey, who was one of the ushers, and Michael Starkey, Major B. and the Hon. Mrs. Hervey-Bathurst, General and Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Charles Parker and her son Charles, Mrs. James Somerville, Mrs. Parker-Jervis, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gordon, Lady Frances Hanmer and several members of her family, Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, Col. and Mrs. Morley, Mrs. Gordon-Watson, whose husband missed the wedding as he was in Paris, and the bride's uncle Commander Francklin, who very ably directed the ushers.

The Hon. Richard Rhys was best man and others I saw among the 400 guests, some of whom were admiring the beautiful wedding presents displayed, were Lord and Lady St. Vincent, Joan Lady Milburn who had motored down from Northumberland, Mrs. Yorke and Mrs. Heathcoat Amory who had motored over from Yorkshire, Miss Caroline York, who was one of "The Three Musketeers," looking attractive in red and black—she is now working in Lady Pulbrook's flower shop in Sloane Street—and Miss Anna Casey, the third of the trio, who was at the wedding with her sister Bridget.

Also present were Mr. and Mrs. Seller, Admiral and Mrs. Sherbrooke, Sir Joseph and Lady Nall, Mr. and Mrs. Eley, Col. and Mrs. Denison and Miss Peggy Hancock, with whom the bride has been working in her interior décor business in Sloane Street.

Commander Francklin proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom, but there were no speeches. When the young couple left for their honeymoon abroad, the bride wore a nutria trimmed red tweed dress and jacket, and carried a little nutria muff; on their return John and Caroline are going to make their home in London, where they have bought a small house.

★ ★ ★

SIR PATRICK SPENS, Q.C., the M.P. for Kensington South, deputized for General Lord Ismay who had not quite recovered from his severe attack of Asian influenza, at the presentation of the Martini Awards to the Horseman and Horsewoman of the Year 1957. This took place at a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel. Two other absentees were Miss Pat Smythe, who won the magnificent Martini trophy as Horsewoman of the Year, and Miss Dawn Palethorpe, who was awarded one of the medals. They had not then returned from their visit to the United States and Canada with the very successful British show jumping team.

Mr. Alan Oliver who had been nominated for the Martini Horseman of the Year award, was present to receive his lovely trophy, and Miss Sheila Willcox, our top Three Day Event horsewoman, was among those who received a medal.

I had a most interesting talk with Mr. Leo Harris, who is chairman of the British Horse Society advisory committee. He runs the Sevenoaks Riding Club, which was the champion riding club this year, and also won the dressage championship. His daughter Miss Leonie Harris, who is a fine horsewoman, is a member and won one of the individual events. Messrs. Martini and Rossi, famous for their aperitifs, are also renowned for their interest in, and sponsorship of, sporting events. As a tribute to British riders, men and women, who have done better than ever internationally during 1957, they sponsored the ballot inaugurated by *The Light Horse and Pony* for which nearly 20,000 votes were cast. This party was a very happy climax to this novel idea.



A. V. Svaebe

Viscountess Ingleby gave a dance for her debutante daughter, the Hon. Mary Rose Peake, at which Princess Margaret was present. Above: Viscount and Viscountess Ingleby with their daughter making ready for their dinner guests at Claridge's



Mr. Antony Graham and
Miss Gillian Cook



Mr. Andrew Harding and the
Hon. Iris Peake



Lady Frances Curzon and
Mr. Anthony Savile



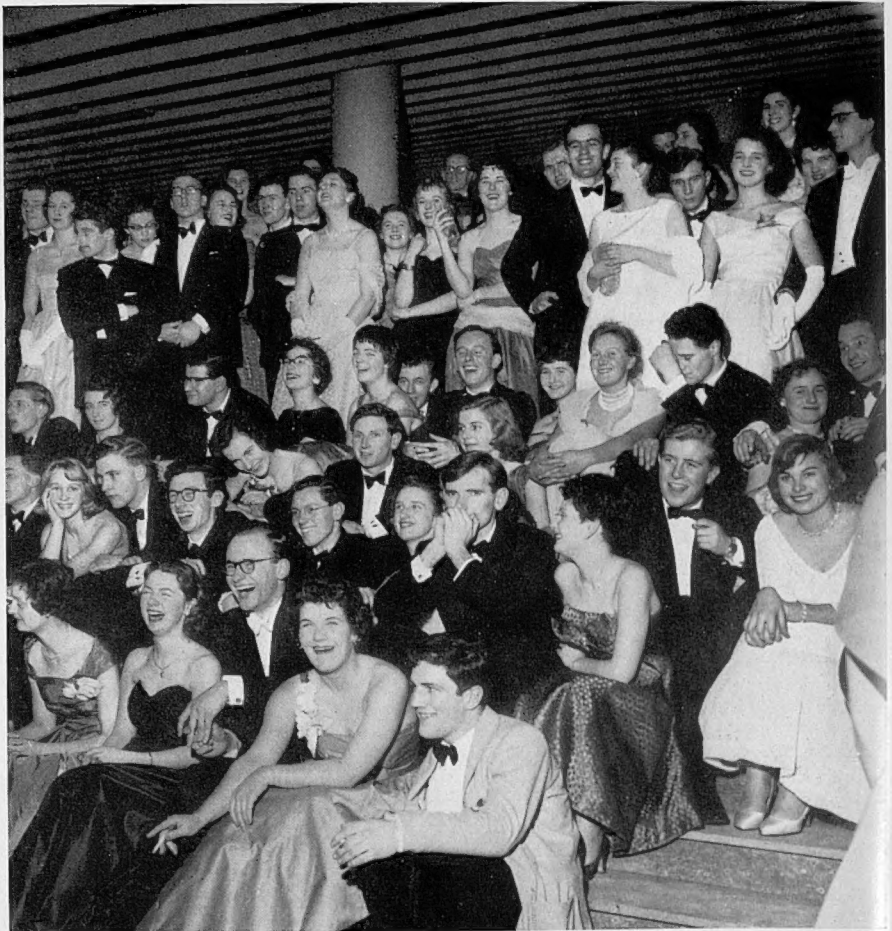
Miss Penelope Buxton and
Mr. Gerald Turton

TWICKENHAM BALL

THE ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL was the scene of the Twickenham Ball held after the annual Rugby match between Oxford and Cambridge. The dance was attended by a thousand people, including the two teams



Miss Mary Strickland and Mr. Brian Macdonald-Milne with Pipe Major J. B. Robertson



Guests watching the cabaret given by the Cambridge University "Footlights"



Mr. Peter Robbins, Oxford captain, Miss E. Lemon



Miss Judy Roberts, Mr. W. J. Downey, Cambridge captain



Miss Ziki Arbuthnot with Mr. Lawrence Watts of the winning Oxford side



Mr. Robert Walker talking to Miss Caroline Dewey



Miss Cherry Wheeler and the Rev. Cavell Cavell-Northam



Miss Deryn Steele Perkins with Mr. R. S. Paul, one of the ball organizers

Van Hallan

KANDAHAR DANCE

MEMBERS of the Kandahar Ski Club held their annual dinner and dance at the Savoy. The club, which was founded in 1925, is named after Lord Roberts of Kandahar, a pioneer of ski-ing



Mr. Hugh Eaton, Mrs. Eaton and Mr. James Riddell, chairman of the Kandahar Ski Club

Desmond O'Neill



Mr. Mark Lowinsky, Lady Wakefield, Sir Wavell Wakefield, Mr. Alan Crompton and Mr. J. Howkins



Mrs. P. L. Deruville and Mrs. John Boyagis



Col. George Larden and Mrs. Larden from Argentina



Mrs. Hubert Hadow, Mr. Eric Lewns, the dance organizer, and Mrs. Kenneth Smith



Miss Hilary Laing and Mr. Peter Malpas



Mrs. Gordon Ramsay and Mr. Peter Bromley



Major P. Snowden, Miss Josephine Keliher, Mr. Charles Roskell and Mrs. Roskell

A MILLION LITTLE SAINTS IN HOLIDAY PROCESSION

ALEX POTTER describes an ancient tradition of Provence, the making of "santons," quaint figures in clay, which flourishes at Christmastime

ONE of Europe's oldest and quaintest fairs is held from the beginning of December to the first week in January, when at Marseilles, France's second city, Christmas and New Year figurines for crèche and home decoration are shown. About a million have been made this year.

They are seen in a hundred thousand homes in Marseilles alone—some of them in atheist households, so strong is the tradition. Their name comes from the Provençal word "santoun," meaning "little saint." They represent regional types, and a local definition of the word is:

"Statuettes in natural or baked clay, hand-painted and representing popular and traditional Provençal types, placed in a representation of a Provençal setting and naïvely identifying it, in the people's imagination, with that of Bethlehem."

Santons are made in moulds. Most of them are about four inches high, but they can be twice that, or as small as half an inch. Traditionally, they are hand-coloured, and very brightly. Now that there's more money about, however, some are costumed.

The santons vogue in Provence—the old province which includes part of the Riviera and was once ruled by kings—has inspired poets, prose-writers, painters, musicians and folklorists. A santon ballet was staged at the Paris Opéra. A "Friends of Santons" Society, founded in 1925, published for a time the *Gazette du Santon*. There is a santon-makers' association.

For over thirty years a stall in the open-air market permitted in a fashionable Paris boulevard in December was devoted to santons and formally opened by a prominent citizen of Provençal origin. M. Gaston Doumergue, French President 1924-30, liked santons, could not visit the stall because of his rank, had some sent to his official residence, the Elysée Palace, and helped to decorate the staff's Christmas tree with them.

THE first santons were made towards the end of the eighteenth century and figured the Biblical characters associated with Christ's birth. Then, with charming naïvety, santon-makers and their clients got the idea that Provençal characters had as much right as anyone to a place in the hallowed stable.

So figurines were made of a village type or two and placed in the popular family crèches. Someone may then have said: "If the miller and the baker—yes, and their wives—go to Bethlehem, why shouldn't the farm-worker and the knife-grinder, the washerwoman and the gipsy-girl, and all the rest of us go too?"

So year by year the santon-makers' little world was extended. An early observer, regretting the presence of some "rather flighty-looking young ladies" in a crèche, was told they were penitents. Figurines of "the parish moron" were coldly received, and when, about 1830, miniature Napoleons were seen in crèches, the makers were told that with due regard to tolerance and all that, it would be better to keep the fighting forces at a distance.

The creator of the popular santon was not known till four years ago, when M. Léopold Dor, a lawyer, left his collection of moulds to the "Old Marseilles" Museum and some were identified as by Jean-Louis Lagnel, a professional modeller (1764-1822) who signed his work "Agnel." Many of his moulds are now in museums.

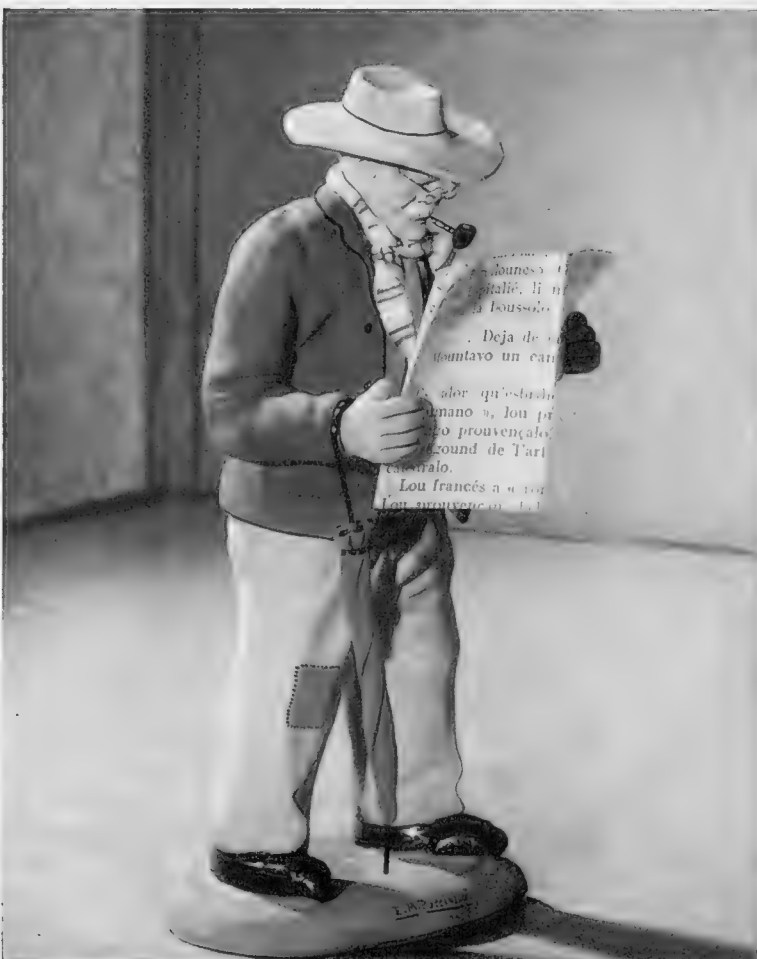
Antoine Batellier, a maker of clay pipes and earthenware, produced santons in his spare time at the end of the eighteenth century. His sons Jean-Baptiste and Jacques turned to the making of religious statuary with santons as a side-line.

Their apprentices included Antoine Simon, born 1800, who



J. Ribiere

Above: "Granny," a present-day costumed santon. Below: A clay citizen reading a Provencal newspaper, modelled by E. M. Puccinelli



L. Sciarli

made and sold santons at the age of fourteen. As a man he fashioned moulds in a garret after working ten hours a day, and trudged to a suburb of Marseilles for clay a tile-maker gave him. He sold great quantities of santons, and died in 1856 after leaving his business to his son Léon, whose work was meticulous and finicky. Most collectors prefer the primitive work of his father.

Garoutte, a cork-maker, who turned to santons as a part-time job, figures in collections with models dated 1845-70. Other makers last century included Joseph Boyer, a church organist; Joseph Negrel, who like Léon Simon was finicky; Joseph Guichard, a cooper, who made santons less than an inch high; and Anglès, who left many two-inch models, and closed his shop from Christmas morning till the following December began.

The work of those, and of dozens of other nineteenth-century artisans, is now treasured by collectors.

Figurines for French crèches have been made of threaded glass, coloured glass, ground glass, blown glass, marble, alabaster, wood, mastic, bread-crumbs, wax, porcelain, earthenware. "Interesting," say some santon collectors, "but we prefer them in clay." In 1914 an abbot named Sumien produced wooden santons. Tastefully dressed, they were sold at high-class shops. They were not shown at the Marseilles Santons Fair, probably because they were made of wood.

The first Marseilles Santons Fair was held in 1808. City archives of a century ago show that fifty makers were then displaying figurines moulded and coloured by them. Nowadays the fair is held in hutments along part of the Canebière, the city's chief thoroughfare, with folklore dances nearby and a santonniers' Mass at a church.

CLAIMS about santon-makers' families of today using moulds handed down by parents to their children for the past 150 years seem to be exaggerated. My inquiries in several Provençal towns brought the reply: "No present-day santon-makers are direct descendants of santonniers of 1807, or are using moulds dating from then."

A pamphlet on crèche-making issued by a Marseilles folklore society says that a Provençal crèche should include, besides figures of the Infant Jesus, the Holy Virgin, St. Joseph and the three Wise Men, the following:

Santons: Miller and his wife, fisherman, fishwoman, town-crier (with drum), farm-worker, gipsy man, gipsy girl, knife-grinder, game-hunter, blind man, woodman, weaver, woman carrying faggots, washerwoman, baker, woman riding donkey, peasant woman tending cradle, two or three shepherds, two or three old folk, an angel, and the local mayor.

Creatures: Ass, ox, sheep, dogs, roosters, chickens.

Scenery: Grotto, mill, water-well, cottage.

When the early santons infiltrated into the fastnesses of classical sculpture, an austere critic called them "impudent and insignificant features." But they had come to stay. And somehow, to the people of Provence, they don't seem quite inanimate.

A Provençal artisan toured France at this time last year (and may be making another tour now) with, he claimed, "the biggest crèche in the world, installed in an illuminated village and with mechanized santons."

He built it himself, it is sixty feet long, eight feet wide, thirteen feet high, weighs 23 tons and contains 240 santons actuated by an electric motor.

It is merely a successor of "mechanized and talking crèches" shown in Provence as long ago as the 1780s. One of them, according to description, had forty mechanized figures, including "an aged shepherdess who nursed the Infant Jesus so naturally that if she had been bigger you would have thought she was alive." The ox and ass "breathed as though animated."

Another late eighteenth-century mechanized crèche had "twenty-five moving figures, of which fifteen walked, and three played wind instruments." Even in those sedate times, mechanics were not despised.

Provence does not claim to have originated the use of original figurines for peopling crèches or other religious scenes. It was done in Italy, Southern Germany, and in Spain before it became a vogue in Southern France. What Provence does claim is that it first used clay for santons, and that its figurines have acquired "personalities."

St. Francis of Assisi is said to have assembled a life-size crèche in an abandoned stable in the Forest of Abruzzi in 1223. The Infant Jesus was in wood; live animals were used. The mother of St. Francis of Assisi was a Provençal, and citizens of Southern France like to think he got the idea of a crèche from her.



J. Ribiere

Above: A clay santon, one of the Three Kings for a Christmas Crib, is hand-painted in bright colours



A Provençal town crier with drum and whistle giving an overture to an announcement, clay modelled by the talented E. M. Puccinelli

TOMORROW'S PRINCESS

MILDRED MAYNE won theatrical fame almost literally overnight when she took the leading role in the British musical *Zuleika*, based on the late Sir Max Beerbohm's period fantasy of University life. Tomorrow, Boxing Day, she is to play Princess Badroulboudour in the B.B.C. television play, *Aladdin*. Miss Mayne is the daughter of the well-known photographer Noel Mayne, who took the pictures seen here



Roundabout FOOD FOR THOUGHT FROM THE FESTIVE GLOBE

James Morris



It is piquant but pleasant that the loftiest festivals and celebrations of mankind seem to be linked so indissolubly with the earthiest of our organs, the stomach. Close your eyes and think of Christmas, of Thanksgiving, of your wedding day or boat-race night—close your eyes and think, and though your first vision may be unimpeachably spiritual, your second will almost certainly concern food and drink.

I spent last Christmas in a minor ski resort, almost unfrequented by foreigners, high in a self-deprecatory valley in Haute Savoie. It snowed on Christmas Eve, and the mountains above us sparkled and shimmered splendidly, and the noises of the town were muffled and padded. Our Christmas services were enchanting. The church was packed with young French people, in red ski-pants and blue anoraks and yellow scarves and multi-coloured gloves, and beside the crib there stood a demure little angel, ready to perform, if you placed a franc in the palm of its china hand, a tinkling musical box Christmas carol. Sweet and clear, with that peculiar French fluting quality, were the hymns that the ironmonger's daughter and her colleagues sang from the choir gallery, and it was only once or twice, in a carrying whisper, that my wife had to tell the children to stop playing with their toy helicopters.

It was lovely, and genuinely reverent: and yet I cannot help remembering just as distinctly a secular moment later that night, when the last churchgoers had hastened home through the snow to dinner. The village was bright with illuminated Christmas trees, and as I walked past one of the modest hotels a blaze of light shone across the road and cast my shadow behind me. I stopped on an impulse, and walked into the little backyard of the place, and peered through a misted window into the dining-room. There were the skiers at their Christmas dinner. The trestle tables were thick with wines and dishes, the sideboards deep in cheese, and two elderly waitresses bustled to and fro with steaming tureens and ladles. Through the cracks of my



Lady Elizabeth Scott, who is a regular follower



Major E. P. Barker and Mrs. Peter Clifford



The Duchess of Beaufort on her grey hunter

P. C. Palmer

Meet of the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt near Tetbury, Gloucestershire

window came a smell, a heavenly well-cooked, wine-sauced, high-spiced, Alpine Christmas smell.

It was a Dickensian scene, plump and fruity; but when I placed my ear to the window and listened, expecting to hear a rubicund celebratory rumble, I discovered a queer thing. That beaming festival assembly was almost silent. Scarcely a snatch of conversation reached me through the clash of forks and the bottle-pops. I glanced from face to face along those boards, and I observed the expressions of seraphic pleasure that shone from every face, and I sniffed that food again, and I watched those cheerful, flustered waitresses: and suddenly I realized that this was one of the noble silences, the gourmand's silence, the rich gravity silence of France.

THIS collusion between soul and satiety is not only a Western phenomenon. The Muslim fasting month of Ramadan, for example, will always be associated in my mind not only with abstinence, but also with trenchermen. When I first went to live in Egypt, not so many years ago, there was still much of the medieval to the Cairo Ramadan. All day the pious citizens resolutely fasted. No food passed their lips from dawn till sunset, and as the long Egyptian day drew on you could feel the corporate temper of that great city progressively fraying at the edges. The poor servants cast envious eyes upon the lunch, as they laid it on the table; and the quarter-tone chanting of the sailors, when the big dhows swept downstream, lost its lustiness and bonhomie, and echoed cracked and hungry across the water. Then when the sun went down, and all the labyrinthine back streets were plunged instantly into darkness, then the gun would boom from Saladin's citadel, high and haughty above Cairo, and with a sizzling and a hissing, a clanking of pots and pans, a clatter of implements, at last the Ramadan breakfast could be eaten. What a memorable meal was eaten in the lamp-light! Platters of meat, and rice wrapped in vine leaves, sweetmeats of a dozen kinds, glistening piles of macaroni, pastes and unleavened bread.

And in the middle of the Ramadan night, when it was time for the second meal, a man and a boy would come thumping their way through the streets, banging on a drum, knocking on

doors and shouting in a raucous sing-song voice. Thump, thump, thump they went, and the householders stirred themselves: a shabby man and a gangling boy were shouting and banging the drum, but the midnight dinner was calling.

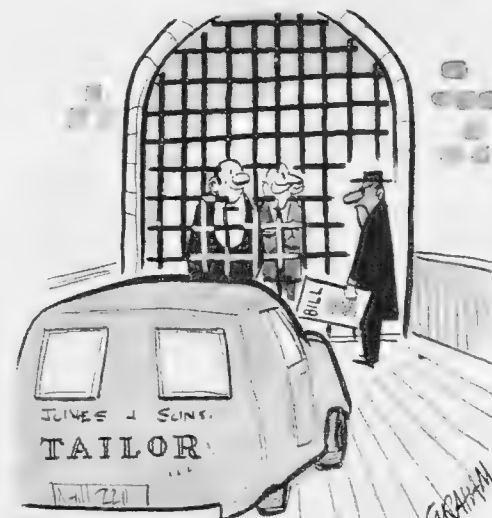
EVEN the great triumphs of adventure are all too often remembered, at least by adventurers themselves, in terms of some especially delectable yak steak, or an unusually tender haunch of penguin. When the 1953 Everest Expedition, to which I formed a rather flabby appendage, came home in glory to London, we were fêted with a succession of magnificent dinners: and one of the very grandest of these functions I remember clearest in connection with claret. It so happened that our host, an old-school gourmet and a man of great kindness, had placed me on his left: and opposite me was Tenzing, the prince of Sherpas, who had never been to Europe in his life before, and who had been hardily bred on rice, potatoes and a kind of alcoholic porridge called *chang*. Early in the meal my host remarked that he hoped I would enjoy the claret. It was the last of that particular vintage in his own cellars, and he thought it might well be the last in existence anywhere. I was greatly impressed, and said so: and as we talked I glanced across the table at Tenzing. Resplendent in national costume, ablaze with stars and ribbons and Oriental orders, he was enjoying that claret very much indeed. There was never a *chang* like this, in all the boisterous villages of the Himalaya. The lackeys were attentively filling his glass; he was beaming with pride and pleasure; it was a joy to see him. I raised my glass and smiled across the table in affectionate respect.

A few moments later our host, bless his heart, turned to me again. "Ah, Mr. Morris," he remarked, without the flicker of a smile. "How very good it is to see that Mr. Tenzing *knows a decent claret when he has one!*"

A HAPPY Christmas to them all, the silent French skiers, the hospitable Egyptians, Tenzing the hero and that guileless English host! May their wines be dry, their cheeses pungent and their saddles of camel roasted to perfection!



BRIGGS



by Graham

LORD EBURY WEDS

LORD EBURY and his bride, formerly Miss Gillian Elfrida (Elfin) Soames, are seen below with Miss Tessa Bridgeman and Miss Sarah Wignall, bridesmaids, and Miss Caroline Wignall and Miss Josette Bromovsky, the small attendants



Mrs. O. Cotterell, Mr. Julian Pardoe, and Lady Rose Bligh



Mr. Bill Clegg, Mrs. Clegg, and Mrs. James Allason

Count and Countess Josef Bromovsky and their daughter
Desmond O'Neill



Mrs. J. M. Arnott and Group
Captain H. Hanmer



The Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis,
Mr. Alasdair Clayre

Mr. P. R. Allen with Miss
Claire Foster

Mrs. W. M. E. Denison, Mrs.
A. Craven-Smith-Milnes



A SOUTHWELL BRIDE

MR. F. J. C. G. HERVEY-BATHURST married Miss Caroline Starkey at Southwell Minster Notts. The reception after the wedding was held at Norwood Park, Southwell, the home of the bride's parents, Sir William and Lady Starkey



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander.*
Dec. 25,
1957
735



Mr. Tom Halliburton selling raffle tickets to Mr. Richard Gardiner-Hill and Miss Victoria Porter



A BALL FOR GOLFERS

THE GOLF BALL was held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Golf Foundation; sideshows included a long driving range, a putting green, and pitching nets, of which 250 guests took full advantage. Above: Miss Shane Newton and Mr. Arthur Gilbey



Mr. Christopher Melville with Miss Fiona Fairfax and Mr. Ralph Rokeby-Johnson



Col. and Mrs. A. A. Duncan watching Miss Angela Ward at the pitching nets

Mrs. Anthony Hanbury-Williams partnered by Mr. John Slesinger

Miss Dinah Guggenheim dancing with Mr. Simon Pendock

Mrs. A. C. Critchley, wife of the Ball President, with Mr. J. B. Beck

A. C. Swaebe





F. J. Goodman

A Rothschild heiress who came out this year

Mlle. BEATRICE DE ROTHSCHILD, the only daughter of the Baron and Baronne Alain de Rothschild, is here photographed in the magnificent Rothschild mansion which stands in the avenue Marigny in Paris. Mlle. Beatrice de Rothschild, who is eighteen years old, spent a good deal of her childhood in America. She made her debut this year, and it was marked by a resplendent ball in the summer

Priscilla in Paris

NOËL, NOËL IS HERE

A DOUBLE EVENT

WHEN this appears in print it will be Christmas. I hope that, for everybody, the Day will be happy and peaceful if not riotously merry. Over here I fear that many of us will be suffering from the *Réveillon* of the night before and feeling rather sorry at having to attend a midday family dinner complete with children, grandparents and, again, far too much food!

Perhaps these jaundiced remarks are due to the fact that, as I write, Christmas Day, as yet, is gorgeous in the shop windows only, and that from my writing table overlooking the Champs de Mars I cannot see the Eiffel Tower that is only a few hundred yards away.

It is not that I have any deep feeling for the gaunt landmark that people would miss so greatly if it were not there, but when it vanishes, swathed in fog as today, one's heart is heavy and wings remain earth-bound.

Fog or no fog the restaurant Drouant at the place Gaillon on this drear December noon was ablaze with light that shone out across the asphalt where the crowd had gathered as crowds will, no matter how little there is to see. The great Ten of the Académie Goncourt were awarding their annual prize. It went, as was expected, to Roger Vailland for his novel *La Loi* and the lads with the cameras were making a midsummer storm with their flashes.

THE naive onlooker may wonder why there should be so much fuss made over a prize of 5,000 francs. When the prize was founded fifty years ago this was quite a sum of money, but now it would not pay for one portion of the luncheon that the Ten enjoy after their deliberations are over. A Lucullian repast, *mes amis!* Oysters. Lobster *en buisson*. Pheasant *en cocotte Périgourdine* (the aroma of the truffles arises from this glossy page at the very thought!), soufflé Jaffa, varied cheeses, *mignardises*, fruit and the most precious wines.

No! Five thousand francs do not count . . . the real value of the prize resides in the wrapper that immediately goes round the volume. It bears the magic words PRIX GONCOURT which means that it will be bought by those thousands of unadventurous readers who like to be told what they must read.

Cameras hummed and clicked busily also when a silver medal, celebrating her long and faithful services, was awarded to Jean Cocteau's matchless housekeeper, Madeleine. She is the poet's Abigail, his Hebe, his watchdog and the stout buffer that keeps the crowd at bay in times of stress.

It becomes more and more rare nowadays to find simple, generous, hardworking women who are willing and eager to devote their lives to domesticity in the service of others. Jean Cocteau has his Madeleine, Colette had her Pauline. Pauline started to work for Colette in her early teens as nursery maid to Colette's little daughter. When "Belgazou" grew up and married, Pauline remained with Colette to the end of the great writer's life. She still serves Maurice Goudekot, Colette's husband, who wrote that very moving volume of souvenirs: *Près de Colette*.

OUR City Fathers are worried. The monuments and churches and certain spots on such important thoroughfares as the Champs-Élysées are not as spandy-nice in the matter of cleanliness as could be desired although the hose-and-broom brigades do their best at dawn each day. Those pigeons! Fat, comfortable, mannerless creatures that seem to thrive throughout the coldest winters. The City Fathers plan drastic measures but they remain . . . plans! And the pigeons still abound. One hears tragic stories of snares and catapults, and great indignation is felt by bird lovers who do not think it right that their feathered friends should end in some down-and-out's pot over a driftwood fire in the dark recesses under the bridges of Paris. A broadcast by Dr. Méry, the well known "vet" who attends all the famous dogs in town from Yvonne Printemps' smooth haired terrier,



F. J. Goodman

MISS CYNTHIA BALFOUR is the daughter of Mr. Alec Balfour, while her mother is the former Comtesse May d'Harcourt. The picture was taken in the rue de Lille house of her sister, Comtesse Francois de Bourbon-Busset

Doudouille, to Alice Cocea's Skyes suggests a remedy. It seems that to snare a pigeon in the streets or gardens of Paris is a form of poaching and one can have the poacher arrested by the nearest policeman.

This is certainly good news, but we are a little puzzled how to go about the business. To obtain a practical juxtaposition of pigeon, poacher and peeler on the Champs-Élysées is a matter of how, when and where that will need careful planning! Suggestions will be thankfully received.

THE theatres are in the midst of their annual rush-to-produce before the holidays. It remains to be seen whether, strikes being the order of the day, stage hands will allow the curtain to go up. This applies to the State theatres rather than to the privately owned houses where actors have been known to scene-shift for themselves, and outside help can often be obtained. Pots of beer or, better still, bottles of Pernod have frequently worked miracles.

There will be—touch wood—new musical plays at the Mogador, the Chatelet and the A.B.C. Visitors who prefer variety programmes have the Olympia, Bobino and the Alhambra-Maurice-Chevalier to choose from; the famous Lido cabaret is putting on a new show which means gorgeous girls, frocks and décors, and an excellent entertainment.

In a truly festive and playful spirit the highbrow Renaud-Barrault company will be seen at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt in Sardou's grand old historical melodrama *Madame Sans-Gêne*. Kindly condescension to popular taste for Christmas. Sardou after Claudel, Kafka and Gide! Madeleine Renaud after the unforgettable Réjane, Marie Leconte and so many other great—and less great—actresses who have revelled in the rôle of the pert, brazen but great-hearted washerwoman. Madeleine Renaud, the elegant, dainty, and rather fragile exponent of Marivaux as the outspoken lady of the washtub.

It promises to be an interesting evening and one that we hope the strikers will, of their courtesies, permit.



At the Theatre

DOWN THE LAUGHING RAPIDS

"PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE" (Criterion Theatre). Mother and daughter, Martha and Irene (Violet Farebrother and Moira Lister) recoil in horror when they realize that daughter's two husbands, Daniel and Armand (Nigel Stock and Roy Purcell), have executed a joint and very successful manoeuvre. Julian (Newton Blick, left), father of the family, knows from long experience that trouble lies ahead. Drawings by Glan Williams.

WEAK men, the comic theatre insists, are a perpetual temptation to women. If they do nothing to protect themselves there comes a time when they are never allowed to finish a sentence. The joke (perhaps because it is not, after all, only a joke) has always tickled the fancy of women as well as men, and *Paddle Your Own Canoe* at the Criterion exploits it once again and with a great deal of cleverness.

The termagants are mother and daughter who have made a great success of a canoe-building business since the daughter's husband was reported drowned in the Amazonian jungle. They are startled to hear that the poor little simp is still alive and on his way home. This is embarrassing, not only because his wife has got a new husband, but also because the ownership of the business will revert to the returned wanderer. The dreadful prospect so works on the imagination of the women that they begin to see visions. In one vision the husband comes back as they hope he may—a physical wreck of a man who dies pathetically but without fuss or bother. In the second he is a fearsome apparition who brandishes pistols and knives at them and tells terrifying stories of his experiences among savages whose speciality is to shrink human heads to the smallest possible compass and still to leave a little life beating within.

Actually the husband returns a self-confident and prosperous business man. He tells his wife that she need not trouble to get rid of her second husband. He has no intention of staying longer than the time he will require to amalgamate his new business with the old. He explains that it was not until he got to the jungle six years before that he realized what his wife and mother-in-law had been doing to him since he first fell into their hands. They had practised on him a kind of brain-washing that had slowly destroyed his individuality. He has no intention of letting himself be destroyed a second time.

He much disturbs the second husband by demonstrating that the women have obviously been at work on him and warns him that he is on the point of becoming like his unfortunate father-in-law, an amiable nonentity.

These are brave words, but Daniel has to reckon with women who are cunning beyond belief. His wife is much affronted by his accusations. She reflects at the same time that she has pretty well worked her will on her second husband; and to have her second husband back positively asking for a fresh course of the old treatment is a challenge she cannot resist. And even more important to her than the re-conquest of a husband is the re-establishment of her hold on the business. The piece has been adapted by Miss Lucienne Hill from the French of M. Nex Regnier, and M. Regnier is very French in the firm balance he keeps between the wife's feminine vanity and her innate cupidity.

The battle between the well-meaning man and the restless termagants works up into a lively last act, and (not to give anything away) I need not say that whoever wins, wins by the narrowest margin.

THE actors handle the sprightly dialogue delightfully. No mother-in-law more relentless than Miss Violet Farebrother treads the modern stage. Miss Peggy Mount in *Sailor Beware* is a soppy sentimentalist in comparison; Miss Farebrother is mother-in-law incarnate and beyond all compunctious visitings of conscience.

And Miss Moira Lister is a daughter of whom this Gorgon can be proud. She is at one and the same time teasingly feminine and as hard as rock.

Mr. Nigel Stock is sympathetic and amusing in each of his metamorphoses, but whether whimpering under oppression or roaring to keep his courage up he never lets us forget that the well-meaning man is essentially powerless against women who really mean business. His only safety lies in flight. Mr. Roy Purcell nicely suggests independence slowly growing in the second husband, and Mr. Newton Blick is a joy as the old man who has been reduced to a permanent and not unhappy state of dither. Mr. Peter Vaughan makes a brief but hilarious appearance as a lawyer who sees life and the predicaments of his clients as one vast joke.

—Anthony Cookman



Duval the lawyer (Peter Vaughan) brings legal acumen to clarify the situation



FAIRY TALE OF SUGAR AND SPICE

PRINCIPAL DANCERS, John Gilpin, as the Prince, and Marilyn Burr as the Sugar Plum Fairy, are seen in the *pas de deux* from Alexandre Benois' *The Nutcracker*. This sparkling ballet, a small girl's dream of enchanted sweetmeats, set to some of Tchaikovsky's best-known music, is first-class Christmas entertainment for the whole family. The Festival Ballet's full-length presentation of *The Nutcracker* opened on Christmas Eve at the Royal Festival Hall

Photograph by
Mike Davis



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander
Dec. 25,
1957
740*



*Miss Caroline Judd was with
Mr. Euan Johnston*

WARWICKSHIRE HUNT BALL

COUGHTON HALL, the home of Sir Robert Throckmorton, Bt., and Lady Throckmorton, was the scene of the Warwickshire Hunt Ball. The beautiful interior of the house was a fine setting for the gaiety, and among those who enjoyed themselves were (above) the Hon. Peregrine Fairfax and the Hon. Penelope Dewar



A happy scene during the evening as guests

*The Marquess and Marchion-
ess of Hertford*



*Mr. and Mrs. John
Profumo*



*Mr. Deutsch partnering Mrs.
Deutsch in a two-step*





*The
TATLER
and
Bystander
Dec. 25,
1957
711*

*Miss Anne Pryce-Jenkin and the
Hon. George Norrie*



danced to the band

*Miss Mary Hickman with Mr.
Christopher Taylor*



*Miss Elizabeth Thompson (left), Mr. R. Strachan, Miss Ailsa Smith-
Maxwell, Mr. Tim Roote, Mr. J. Judd, Miss Ann Holbech*

*Miss Janet Macpherson and
Mr. George Earle*

*Lord and Lady John
Manners*

A. V. Swaabe



At the Pictures

STARS IN STRIPES



JENNIFER JONES and Rock Hudson go for a romantic sleigh ride in the film adaptation of Ernest Hemingway's famous novel, *A Farewell To Arms*, which is shortly due to be released

PATRICK MCGOOHAN and Melina Mercouri, the Greek actress, in a close-up from *The Gipsy And The Gentleman*, one of the three costume films the Rank Studios have been making

Cornel Lucas



A LABOUR dispute at a pyjama factory is not the most promising material in the world for a gay musical film and I confess I approached *The Pajama Game*, a picture based on Mr. Richard Bissell's novel, *Seven And A Half Cents*, with some misgiving and a feeling in my jawbones of a yawn to come. I am happy to report that the producer and director, Messrs. George Abbott and Stanley Donen, assisted by Mr. Bissell (who collaborated on the script), have done wonders with their unlikely subject.

This is a notably lively musical, smart as paint in its Warner-color: the spirited score contains a variety of whistleable tunes and the dance numbers, brilliantly designed to fill the wide screen, are executed with the maximum of verve. The effect is tonic.

Miss Doris Day, in rousing form, is a loyal member of her factory's workers' union and head of its "Grievance Committee." Mr. John Raitt, the full-voiced factory superintendent, and Miss Day fall in love—but they come to loggerheads over the union's demand for a wage increase of seven and a half cents.

It is Mr. Raitt's job to see that Sleepnite Pyjamas are produced at the lowest possible cost—Miss Day feels it her duty to insist that her colleagues receive the highest possible rates of pay. As Mr. Raitt seems disinclined to bring the matter to the management's attention, Miss Day resorts to sabotage to do so. Mr. Raitt sacks her—and when this happens all her friends threaten to strike.

Strikes in real life are no laughing matter and rarely bring out the best in anybody concerned: this one contrives to be entertaining and brings out the best in Mr. Raitt—who hits upon a means of settling the dispute to everyone's satisfaction. Supporting the principals are Miss Carol Haney, an engaging "zany," and Mr. Eddie Foy, Jr., as her ferociously jealous "boy friend." Miss Haney, a newcomer to the screen, is not the type men usually go mad about: she is leggy and toothy, with hair that looks as if the rats have been at it—but she has a genuinely comic personality and can dance like a wave of the sea. I hope to see much more of her.

By contrast with the bursting vitality of *The Pajama Game*, Ealing's latest comedy, *Barnacle Bill*, seems more than a little anaemic. The central idea, cooked up by our friend Mr. T. E. B. Clarke, is delightfully funny, and I need hardly say that Mr. Alec Guinness in the leading rôle gives an exquisitely polished performance—but despite the combination of a felicitous script and a faultless star, the film failed, for me, to raise more than a few quietly appreciative chuckles.

Capt. Ambrose (Mr. Guinness), a lifelong sufferer from seasickness, is demobbed from the Royal Navy as a hopeless case. Determined to pursue a near-nautical career (his family motto is "All At Sea") he buys himself a semi-derelict pier at Sand-Castle Bay. By the time he has restored it to a condition described as "pier-shape and Blackpool-fashion," he finds himself in conflict with the local authorities who can enforce the sale of his property as it constitutes an obstacle to their plans for a new Marine Parade.

The ingenious captain removes his pier from the Council's jurisdiction by registering it, under the flag of some obscure Republic, as a passenger ship—the R.M.S. (Really Motionless Ship) Arabella. In partnership with a Mrs. Barrington (Miss Irene Browne), whose condemned beach-huts provide the "vessel" with cosy cabins, Capt. Ambrose "launches" the Arabella as a pleasure cruiser—offering those as queasy as himself all the delights of an ocean voyage and none of the discomforts.

The scheme is so successful that the Mayor (Mr. Maurice Denham) sees no way of defeating it except by a very dirty piece of work. With four crooked cronies and a dredger he succeeds in partially wrecking the Arabella: she breaks in two. Having seen his passengers and crew to safety in the stationary bows, Capt.



BABE, SID AND GLADYS (Doris Day, John Raitt and Carol Haney) have an impassioned discussion round the restaurant table in *The Pajama Game*, reviewed here on the opposite page

Ambrose slips away to sea in the drifting stern. Because Mrs. Barrington has told him how to combat seasickness (tighten your belt and stuff cotton-wool in your ears is her advice), he is able to bring his damaged hulk safely to the French shore, thus winning a substantial reward and—an even more coveted guerdon—the highest praise from Lloyd's.

The tempo of the film, which Mr. Charles Frend has directed, could be considerably brisker; it is slowed down by extraneous gags—such as the introduction of the gallant captain's ghostly ancestors, shaggy sea-dogs all—which, while quite amusing in themselves, might have been dispensed with to advantage. Mr. Richard Wattis contributes a delicious sketch of a Lloyd's official and Mr. Denham is, as always, reliable—but the remainder of the cast (apart, of course, from the impeccable Mr. Guinness) have not, I feel, the requisite lightness of touch for so whimsical a piece.

IF you are not altogether too tired of the troubles of teenagers, *The Careless Years* is a picture you may care to see. It is thoughtful, sympathetic and only marred at one point by an unfortunate outburst of over-emotionalism. A seventeen-year-old girl (Miss Natalie Trundy) and a boy (Mr. Dean Stockwell), both still at school, fall in love.

The girl's parents are worried—they don't want her to "get hurt": that is to say, they don't want her to have a physical affair with the boy. She is a nice girl and, unlike most of her contemporaries, has no taste for the clandestine and the illicit. The boy accepts the restraint she puts upon him—but the tension created between them by repressed desires becomes unbearable. They decide they must get married.

This decision throws their parents into a fine flap. The boy's father is furious: he intended his son to have a college education—but marriage would put an end to all that. The girl's father is equally put out: he tells his daughter he cannot afford to help her financially if she commits this folly. The young things are utterly baffled: they have behaved throughout with the utmost propriety—but now they are being treated as if they were juvenile delinquents. Though one appreciates that marriage at their age, with no money and no prospects, is scarcely desirable, one can't help feeling sorry for the poor dears. That they find a sensible solution to their problem is no thanks to their parents. Miss Trundy (last seen in *The Monte Carlo Story*) suffers most touchingly.

—*Elsbeth Grant*

ANNE BAXTER waits on the set during the filming of a new thriller, *Chase A Crooked Shadow*, which she made during a recent visit to England, with Richard Todd as her co-star

Robert Penn



Book Reviews

A CHILD SEES TRUTH

ELIZABETH MONTAGU's novel **This Side Of The Truth** (Heinemann, 15s.) is, by her own definition, "a child's story." This does not mean a story for children—in fact, so ruthless is the child's eye view that if children *did* write stories for one another, grown-ups would probably confiscate the results. Fiction for juveniles usually emanates from blameless ladies and gentlemen in pink spectacles. In this case our narrator, Sarah Carrington, is thirteen; she is an onlooker at a grown-up drama—and better would it have been for all concerned, including Sarah, had the bright child been elsewhere.

However, there she was—often bewildered, not seldom bored, increasingly uneasy. And no wonder. Accordingly, she renders the situation in her own terms: the result, a masterpiece. The actual author, in a note at the beginning, disarms criticism. She says: "I am quite aware of the limitations I have set myself in attempting to tell the story as if told by a child. I know that no child of that age would write such a book even if it wished to. I know too that it would be neither as introspective nor as articulate as I have made Sarah. But, all the same, I believe that even if the experience could never be communicated, it is felt."

WHAT is the experience? Sarah has accompanied her mother and her stepfather, Mark (ten years her mother's junior), on a summer visit to the south of France. Their host is a distinguished novelist, Alec St. Vincent, and the scene his villa. Their fellow-guests are a charmless international financier, one Mr. Kaplan, and a beautiful young woman, Catherine, who is somewhat surprisingly engaged to him. Mark and Catherine, mutely but violently, fall in love. The situation is complicated by the fact that Sarah's mother is an hysterical neurotic, whose first marriage (on that account, one may gather) had broken down. Sarah's father—an agreeable type, by the child's description—is now living happily in the shires with a second wife, Sylvia.

Chance and change had made Sarah very adaptable. Equally, she is quick to note danger-signals, such as when her mother makes play with her handkerchief. The relationship between the child and Mark, sympathetic without being confidential, is I think marvellously drawn. I do think it necessary to make clear that Sarah is *not* one more adolescent sufferer—twice over not: she is still in effect un-girlish, and she keeps her end up remarkably well. The book offers several scenes of enchanting comedy, such as the morning drink with Commander Porter. *This Side Of The Truth* presents, where I am concerned, one unsolved mystery: *why* did Mr. St. Vincent, a busy author, invite this human menagerie to his home? How he ever got on with his writing, I do wonder.

★ ★ ★

SIR OWEN MORSHEAD's **Windsor Castle** (Phaidon Press, 15s.) is the ideal book on its mighty subject. The author, as the Queen's Librarian, has lived within the Castle for thirty years, and is the recognized expert on its history. Learning, habituation and evident human affection for the place appear in Sir Owen's pages—and these pages are few, considering the centuries they cover, the details to which they direct our notice, the successive royal projects they bring to light.

This *Windsor Castle* is not a bulky tome, but rather a close-up and speaking document. The ups-and-downs of the Castle, its rises and lapses in royal favour, onward from when first it rose as a fortress, engage one's interest through chapter after chapter. Charles II, George III and the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV) were past monarchs who did much for it as a residence. Sir Owen illustrates what he tells us with a crowd of striking, beautiful photographs.

Secure this treasure—perhaps with a Christmas book-token!

★ ★ ★

DORIS LESSING's collection of stories, **The Habit Of Loving** (MacGibbon and Kee, 15s.), shows how well the "short" suits this writer's art. She has a Maupassant-like feeling for situation, a Katherine Mansfield-like subtlety (when she cares to use it).



THE OPIUM POPPY, *papaver somniferum*, is an illustration from *Flowers Drawn From Nature*, edited by Wilfrid Blunt, published by the Leslie Urquhart Press and distributed by Andre Deutsch (4 gns.). The plates are reproduced from the magnificent coloured prints of Gerard van Spaendonck



A WHITETHROAT seen at its nest amid tangled undergrowth: the picture is taken from *The B.B.C. Naturalist*, edited by Desmond Hawkins (Rathbone Books, 8s. 6d.)



Mr. and Mrs. G. Silos
from the Brazilian Embassy



Miss Serena and Miss Fiona
Sheffield study a picture



A. V. Swaabe

A Private View of an exhibition of early English sporting paintings was held at the Crane Kalman Gallery, Brompton Road. Above, Mr. Andras Kalman (centre) with Sir John and Miss Lucy Rothenstein

The scenes of the tales vary: London, the South of France, the Austrian Alps, Rhodesia—myself I liked the Rhodesian pieces best: Miss Lessing writes with sensuous sureness of the land of her birth.

"Lucy Grange," "A Mild Attack Of Locusts" and "Getting Off The Altitude" bite deep into the reader's imagination. And a comprehensive handling of youthful foolishness (with respect for the fact that it *is* touching) make "The Words He Said" and "A Road To The Big City" at once semi-comical and agreeable. Of the London stories, "The Day Stalin Died" and "The Habit Of Loving" show most authority.

I have one quarrel with the production of this book: why are the names of the stories not printed at the left-hand tops of all pages? It's hard to remember what one has seen but once, and a well-chosen title *ought* to be held in mind, for it gives significance to what follows. Only this omission (which meant that I had to keep looking back) overcast my pleasure in *The Habit Of Loving*.

★ ★ ★

NINA BAWDEN's *The Devil By The Sea* (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is in no orthodox sense a mystery novel. What might seem inexplicable is the conduct of small, fat, red-headed Hilary Bray, who goes about burdened by the belief that the Devil has sat by her side at an outdoor concert. He wore a very long overcoat and he bit his nails. Peregrine, Hilary's younger brother, takes note of the sinister visitant but behaves more sagely.

Certainly, trouble brews in the seaside town—partly resort, partly residential—in which the Brays have their home. Not, on the whole, are they a happy family; and poor old Aunt, with her unusual avocations, is the last straw. Of the events which follow, a fiendish murder is the only one to leave nine-year-old Hilary cold. Miss Bawden (author of *Change Here For Babylon*, and others) has this time, perhaps, let her brilliant pen run too much to gruesomeness. Yet I defy anyone, who has once begun it, to turn away from *The Devil By The Sea*.

★ ★ ★

A MORE welcome, lyrical view of childhood comes with Minou Drouet's second volume of poems: ***Then There Was Fire*** (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.). This little French prodigy is now ten years old; the controversy surrounding her has, it seems, subsided. The infant herself quelled it: she wrote a poem (as a dauntless little canary might lay an egg) while actually shut up in the B.B.C.! It appears here, in the original French, opposite its English version: the subject, "London." Margaret Crosland has, again, done delicate work with the translations. Possibly Minou must now beware of writing too much like a little prophetess, but her feeling for Nature remains spontaneous. See the poem about the cat's eyes: "Two lakes came towards me."

—Elizabeth Bowen



Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Greville
Williams



Miss M. Mahins and Miss E.
Heathcoat Amory



Miss Ann Cripps and Miss
Gayden Collins



Mr. Richard Hawkins with
Miss Frances Sweeny





Michel Molinare

THESE models, which at sterling prices can be bought in leading London stores, are no mere adaptations but exact copies of the originals shown in Paris. Opposite page: Designed by Jacques Griffe, a dress in fine black wool, 21 gns., worn with his short tartan jacket, 20 gns. Above: a suit by Jacques Heim in fleck tweed, the jacket fitting lightly over the pegtop skirt. Price 33 gns. Both at Harrods. The hats come from the Model Hat Department, costing 5½ and 15½ gns. respectively. The portrait of Vivien Leigh is by Peter Sheil

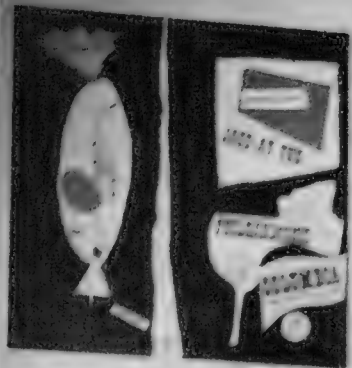
PARIS MODELS AS A CASUAL LONDON BUY



NEAR A PORTRAIT of Mrs. Bracewell Smith by up-and-coming young Chelsea artist Peter Sheil, the model on the left wears a suit in black and white Prince of Wales worsted by Christian Dior at Galeries Lafayette, London; Marshall of Birmingham; and MacDonald's, Glasgow, approx. 41½ gns. The hat by Simone Mirman, jewellery by Christian Dior

CREATED by Carven, the Paris designer who specializes in clothes for the small, trim figure, and made in London by Marcel Fenez, is (right) a fine beige wool dress with a balloon skirt. Worn with the dress and sold with it is a three-tiered net petticoat. At Marshall and Snelgrove, London, costing about 25 gns.





FOR THOSE who look for glamorous evening separates (opposite page). From Janet West, Brook Street, a wide voluminous skirt with its own bowed belt and olive green velvet top trimmed with French embroidered ribbon (left). Cost approximately 45 gns.

EVENING IN RECORD TIME

FOR THOSE who love the casual look at home (below). Also from Janet West, a black velvet playsuit which has tight ankle-fitting trousers and a loose hip length jacket with jewel trimmed buttons and matching cravat and belt. Approximately 35 gns.



Michel Molinare

FROM SALLY, Kings Road (above), a skirt in tan coloured washable suede cotton, £4 10s. worn with a jersey shirt in white, black and tan, £4 19s. 6d. Carpet and cushions by Harrods



A NATURAL handknitted Irish sweater (above) is worn with a natural handwoven Irish wool skirt which is washable. From La Strada, Hanover Street, costing £8 8s. and £3 13s. 6d.



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

TWO FOR THE COURSE

WHATEVER the sport, the correct and appropriate clothes can be found at Gordon Lowe. Opposite page: for the point-to-point spectator a colored pile yellow sheepskin jacket, £19 17s. 6d., worn with a yellow ribbed pullover, 5 gns., and rough-surfaced fawn tweed skirt with ample pleated fullness for walking, 8½ gns. Right: for the golfer a brown leather jacket edged with knitted ribbing, 15 gns., worn with a cashmere pullover, 6½ gns., and brown flecked tweed skirt with back box pleats specially designed for the game, 7½ gns. The special golfing gloves cost 17s. 6d.





This "Pedigree" silk square, designed with different dogs, is obtainable in blue, pink, beige, grey and green, £2 19s. 11d., Jacqmar



A Thirkell hand-printed silk square with an impressionistic autumn leaf design; the price is approximately £2 19s. 6d. Leading stores



This French silk scarf, "Venerie et Chasse Royale," is very suitable for outdoor sporting events, £4 14s. 6d., at Harrods

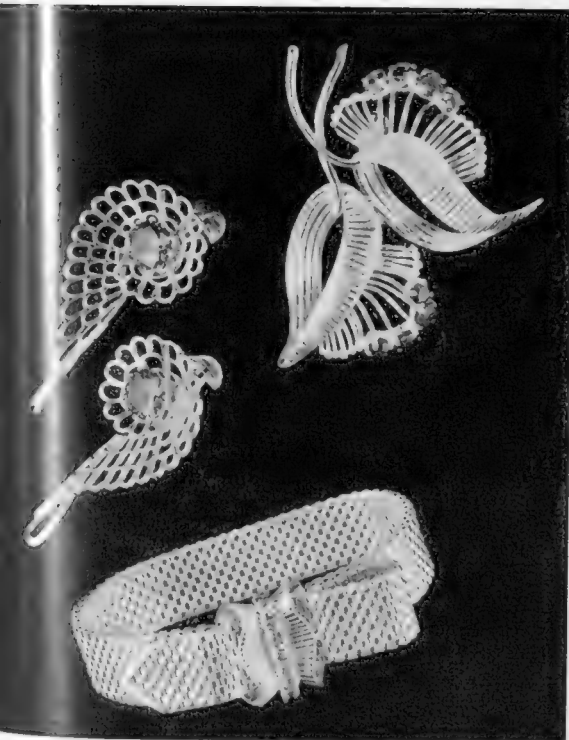
Round-the-clock accessories

NOW is the time for outdoor events, such as steeplechases, meets and beagling, in crisp, invigorating winter weather, while in the evening the Christmas-time parties hold sway. Here is a selection of accessories to brighten your winter wardrobe for day and evening

—JEAN CLELAND



A brocade evening bag, semicircular, hinged bracelet handle, costs £4 9s. 6d. Pearl necklet £6 6s. Marshall & Snelgrove



Hartnell's jewellery in nine-carat gold; mesh bracelet with synthetic rubies in clasp, £45 3s. Brooch with synthetic rubies and sapphires, £33 12s., wing design earclips with synthetic sapphires, £22 1s. All are obtainable from Marshall & Snelgrove



This lovely evening bag, finely worked with an intricate design of white beads, £48 17s. 6d., obtainable at Finnigans

Dennis Smith



Left: The party scent, "Miss Dior," in a spray de luxe presentation containing 1½ oz., £15 10s.

Right: Christian Dior's last masterpiece, "Diorissimo," in this 2-oz. bottle, £75

Below: distinguished and sophisticated, "Diorama"; the 2-oz. size costs £39



Beauty

The genie in the crystal

"PERFUME," said the late Christian Dior, "is a door opening into a hidden world."

This charming idea was repeated to me by Pierre Hebert who travels the world over, marketing the Dior scents. When he was in this country recently we met, and I was fascinated with stories of Dior's views on scent, and of how he first came to create it.

The actual start was, to use Dior's own words, a matter of luck, due to a reunion with a childhood friend. The friend's name was Serge Heftler-Louiche, who, having been a banker, had given it up to work with François Coty, whom he described as the man to whom French perfumes owe their development and world-wide prestige. As boys, Dior and Heftler had played together on the sea cliffs of Normandy, and as they recalled the old days, there came back to them the smell of the cliffs—a mixture of seaweed and wild carnations.

During this sharing of memories, the two men discovered that they had similar tastes, and Dior told his friend that he wanted to make perfumes for the women who wore his creations. Heftler was interested, and from then on they decided to work together.

THE beginning was modest—one room in the avenue Montaigne. For four years the partners "searched, just like the ancient alchemists did, when they tested every formula of every known substance to create gold." "At last," said Dior, "we found our scent; the scent I had *felt*, and it was then that 'Miss Dior' was born; born of those evenings in Southern France, lit with fireflies and scented with jasmine."

Dior, so great a dictator of fashion, felt that as regards perfume there should be no hard and fast rules. "Fashion in this respect," he would say, "should only be dictated by what suits you. If someone tells you that you smell nice, that is the test. You have no need to ask yourself if you are using the right perfume; you can be quite sure that you are."

As regards whether a woman should stick to one scent or make changes—a question that often crops up—Dior felt that while, in principle, a woman should remain faithful to one "because of the memories it evokes," there are times when a change should be made, to be in keeping with the varying trends in hair styles and

dress. A new look should have a new scent to go with it, otherwise it is incomplete.

Talking of scent in general, M. Hebert said that by far the best way to use it is with a spray. If you are trying a new one spray it on to your neck, your hair, and your arms, and if, after some time—when it has slightly evaporated—it pleases you it is a good choice. French women, he said, use perfume more lavishly than the English. They like to leave a soft trail of it behind, but this must be ineffably delicate and "light as a falling star." Many of them delight in very faintly scenting their rooms, and this they do by spraying the cupboards, and putting blotting paper impregnated with their favourite perfume into the drawers. Dior was greatly in favour of this, and once said that "when the door is opened a zephyr of perfume should greet you like a kiss."

ONE of the most important points about the use of perfume, said M. Hebert, is to have no mixtures. Never, for instance, have a toilet water of one kind and scent of another. It is as bad as having colours that clash.

I was interested to hear about and see pictures of some of the beautiful bottles used to hold Dior perfumes. The richest ones—the white, blue and red opalines—come from the "Crystalleries de Baccarat." But although the bottles are made by famous crystal manufacturers, their shapes and designs were all sketched under the precise instructions of Christian Dior himself.

Finally, here is something Dior wrote which sums up his feeling for scent. "Being always present, perfume is always powerful. It is the reason why I began to create my own perfumes. Just leave a bottle open and the spirit of my dresses will be released. Each woman who wears one will leave behind her a sparkling wake of that same fragrance. Perfume is the indispensable complement to feminine personality. It is the finishing touch to a creation in clothes—the butterfly created by Whistler to sign his paintings."

We show here the three scents Dior created, and the beautiful bottles he designed to hold them.

—Jean Cleland



Miss Caryll Rees-Reynolds, youngest daughter of Mrs. Dora Rees-Reynolds, of Street House, Itchenor, and of Mr. Kenneth Rees-Reynolds, is to marry Mr. Edward John Frederick Green, who is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. T. Green, of Itchenor Park, near Chichester, Sussex

Fayer



Miss Felicity Anne Leach, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Leach, of Meddler Stud, Kentford, Suffolk, is engaged to Mr. David Jeremy Veasey, son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Veasey, of Layston Lodge, Buntingford, Herts

Yevonde



Miss Elizabeth Susan Grattan, daughter of the late Col. A. P. Grattan and of Mrs. Grattan, of Plympton, Devon, is to marry Mr. Peter Romilly Dawson, R.M., son of the late Major J. V. Dawson and Mrs. Dawson, of Invergarry

Yevonde



Miss Shelagh Mary Jones, only daughter of Sir Eric and Lady Jones, of Bredons Hardwick, Worcestershire, has announced her engagement to Mr. George William Morris, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Morris, of Deerhurst, Gloucestershire

Pearl Freeman



Miss Lindsey Mary Frazer, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Frazer, of Tenterden, Kent, is engaged to Capt. T. N. S. Blake, The Rifle Brigade, son of the late Capt. G. S. Blake and of Mrs. Blake, of Lindfield, Sussex

Fayer



Miss Gillian Elizabeth Cann, elder daughter of Mr. F. Raymond Cann, of Ashstead, and Mrs. Richard Smallwood, of Radnage, High Wycombe, has announced her engagement to Mr. John Christopher Browning, son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Walter J. Browning

Lenarc



Miss Gillian Ida Vivienne Chatterton Dickson, only daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. R. D. Chatterton Dickson, of Dormer House, Tisbury, Wilts, is to marry Mr. Franey Gerrard Matthews, only son of Major and Mrs. G. Blandford Matthews, of Gillingham, Dorset

Vandyk



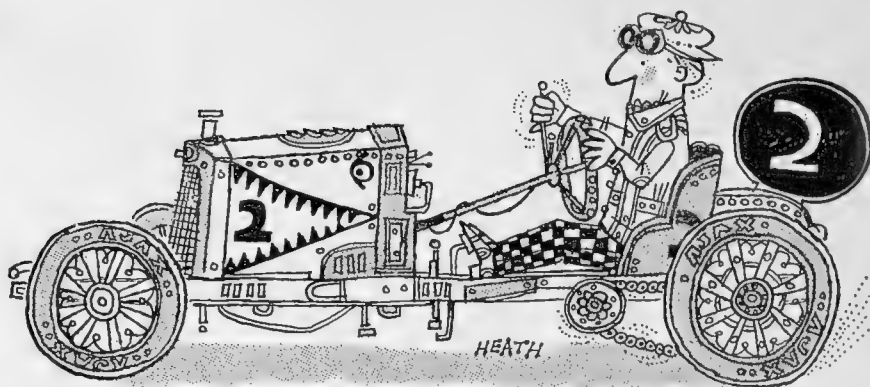
Miss Joanna Margaret Mould-Graham, daughter of Col. and Mrs. R. Mould-Graham, of Fawdon House, Newcastle upon Tyne, has announced her engagement to Mr. Roger John Nimmo Booth, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. H. Booth, of Castle Eden, Co. Durham

Harlip

THEY ARE ENGAGED

Motoring

WHEN A CAR GOES INTO HIBERNATION



THE best advice to those about to lay up their cars for the winter is always the same: don't! Cars thrive on regular use. They do not like standing for long periods in the garage. And the trials and tribulations of winter motoring—except for those who go on long difficult tours deliberately asking for trouble—are much exaggerated. Even fog becomes less frustrating if you put from your mind any thought about how late you are going to be.

If the car *must* be laid up, remember that it is worth while jacking up all four wheels and making arrangements for keeping up the battery charge. Provided it is in good condition the rate at which a battery will discharge itself when the car is left standing is slow; but every five or six weeks it ought to be recharged.

Most of the other precautions which the textbooks used to enlarge upon are now out of date. Provided fresh anti-freeze fluid has been put in, the radiator is better left filled. Unless the time during which the car is to remain standing is going to be exceptionally long, there is no point in draining engine oil. In the war I was forced to lay up my big car and to use a little one. I simply left the big car in the garage and so it remained for eighteen months. When I took it out again its performance was in no way impaired.

Sad as it may seem to those who enjoy the *mystique* of motoring, then, I would say that they can throw away all the elaborate instructions about what to do when laying up the car and remember only the point about the battery which I have mentioned above, and the secondary point about jacking up the wheels. Nothing else matters much. But remember, once again, that regular use is the best health *régime* for any and every motor car.

INQUIRIES are beginning to reach me about the correct procedure in places where the double white lines have been put down. I have already tried to state the primary rule. It is: Never cross or straddle a continuous white line if it is the line nearer to you. The broken line is intended to give a strictly limited priority so that, with all proper precautions, the broken line may be crossed or straddled, *if* it is the line nearer to you.

So much for the double lines. It is already clear to me, however, that some readers are wondering how the single, broken white lines fit into the new scheme. And I am not surprised. The attempt to codify the meaning of single, broken white lines just when the double line system is being introduced is apt to be confusing, especially as the breaks in the lines mean different things according to their length.

For the time being I would advise those who are not absolutely clear to read the single, broken white line as meaning that it

may be dangerous to encroach on the far side of the road. I would advise them to assume that meaning no matter how the breaks in the line are arranged. In fact, the line with the *long* gaps is an advice and not a warning. (The single, continuous white line will disappear.)

VICTOR BRITAIN make a gallant effort to protect the motorist who goes touring in the United Kingdom from those horrid gastronomical disappointments which are all too frequent, by issuing a "Dine and Drive Through Britain" map. Its sub-title is: *The Travellers' Friend and Gastronomic Guide*, and it lists 399 places approved by an expert selection committee.

This is a sound idea and would, I believe, stand elaboration. If we were to be given actual dishes in which the various places specialized, together with the prices, we might be moving towards a more comprehensive guide of the kind that would have a salutary impact upon those establishments—and what large numbers of them there still are in this country!—which simply do not care what they set before the guest and which seem to be most pleased when they can, on some pretext or another, refuse to set anything at all before him. Let us do everything possible to patronize the good places and to warn our friends against the bad ones. The guide costs 6d. from Victor Britain.



MR. JACK BARCLAY, managing director of the Rolls-Royce and Bentley dealers of that name, with Black Beauty of Baldon, an Aberdeen Angus heifer from his Oxfordshire farm, which won a prize at the Smithfield Show this month

TOMORROW, Boxing Day, the car race meeting at Brands Hatch will take place, run by the British Racing and Sports Car Club. Starting time is 12.30 and—because of early darkness—finishing time 3.30. There is to be a full programme of events for racing and for sports cars and, as I write, I hear that more than 100 drivers will be taking part. Each of the seven races will be of ten laps and there will be the Yuletide Trophy Race for 500-c.c. cars. Two events are for sports cars of up to 1,100 c.c. and, finally, there is a race for standard production sports cars.

The organization of this meeting at this time of year is a praiseworthy bit of enterprise and I hope that it will be blessed with good conditions.

It was a great regret to me that I was not able to attend the small meeting at the Royal Automobile Club when Norman Freeman announced his retirement from the post of Dunlop's racing manager. I imagine that everybody who has ever had any interest in motor sport knows Norman Freeman personally or at least by sight, for no one has worked harder or more effectively for the good of motor sport.

Freeman's association with Sir Henry Segrave, Sir Malcolm Campbell and John Cobb in the great days of land speed record-breaking will always be remembered.

—*Oliver Stewart*

RECENTLY MARRIED



Richardson—Sutton. Mr. Arthur Richardson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Richardson, of Whitchurch Road, Shrewsbury, married Miss Joyce Sutton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sutton, of Clifton House, Longton, near Preston, Lancashire, at St. Michael's Church, Hoole, near Preston



Coreth—Elwes. Count Maurice Coreth, son of the late Count Rudolf Coreth zu Coredo and Starkenburg and of Countess Coreth, of Kelvin Lodge, Eastbourne, married Miss Jenny Elwes, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Guy Elwes, of The Wood House, Epping, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Epping



Helyar—Milner. Mr. Roger Helyar, second son of the late Cdr. K. C. Helyar, D.S.O., R.N., and Mrs. Helyar, of Little Fulwood, Trull, Taunton, married Miss June Milner, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. J. T. Milner and of Mrs. Milner, of Tisbury, Salisbury, Wilts, at St. John Baptist Church, Tisbury



Trench—Evill. Major Reginald Allan Chenevix Trench, R.E., son of Colonel A. H. Chenevix Trench, of West Byfleet, and the late Mrs. Chenevix Trench, has married Miss Sophie Strathern Evill, daughter of Air Marshal Sir Douglas Evill and Lady Evill, of Sway, Hants, at Charterhouse Chapel



Beard—Buswell. Captain D. P. C. Beard, son of Maj.-Gen. E. C. Beard and Mrs. Beard, of Hindhead, married Miss Lavinia Buswell, of Addison Gardens, W.14, daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Buswell, of Gisborne, N.Z., and Mrs. Buswell of Wellington, N.Z., at St. Peter's-upon-Cornhill, London



Kingcome—Shute. Group Captain Brian Kingcome, only son of the late Mr. Charles Kingcome and of Mrs. Kingcome, has married Miss Lesley Marjorie Shute, only daughter of the late S/Ldr. F. Shute and of Mrs. Sheila Wickham, of The Old Forge, Rierton, Bucks, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square



Payne—Porritt. Mr. Richard Payne, younger son of the late Captain Matthew Payne and of Mrs. E. Payne, of Marloes Road, Kensington, was married to Miss Ann Helen Porritt, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Porritt, of Shamley Green, Surrey, at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, S.W.1



Miller—Wright. The Rev. John S. C. Miller, son of the Rev. A. Powell and Mrs. Miller, of St. Olave's Rectory, Hart Street, E.C.3, married Miss Margaret H. Wright, daughter of the Rev. A. Wright, of St. Paul's Vicarage, Huntly, New Zealand, and the late Mrs. Wright, at St. Helen's, Bishopsgate

DINING OUT

Birthday parties

ANYTHING new is news and especially so in catering; that is why I went with great interest to the party given by Kenneth Hall to celebrate the opening of his twelfth catering enterprise in London, the Adelaide Room in Jermyn Street.

Incidentally, this year is the twenty-first anniversary of his arrival in London from Australia and his various establishments, known as "Quality Inns," are well known to all and sundry. He also specializes in organizing private parties in people's own homes, as, for example, in recent months for Douglas Fairbanks and the Duke of Bedford, which were outstandingly successful. On these occasions Kenneth Hall takes control of the affair in person.

The Adelaide Room is a smart, charming and restful place, partly due to its decoration (murals by Peter Stebbing) and to the general layout, the dominant note of which has been "no crowding."

Its purpose is to provide lunch during weekdays from noon till three, specializing in good English cooking; for the rest of the day and at weekends it is available for private or business functions, and can accommodate in comfort up to 250 for a cocktail party or 100 for a dinner.

The menu is simplicity itself with the best of English fish, grills, joints, poultry and game, and a "dish of the day" carved from the trolley. The prices, in view of its quality and position, are remarkably low and this also applies to the wines which are available by the glass, the carafe or the bottle.

It was a coincidence that within a week or so of the opening I was invited to a party given by Victor Britain Ltd., to celebrate the publication of the third edition of their gastronomic guide *Dine And Drive Through Britain* (which is noticed by my colleague Oliver Stewart on another page), and that they chose the Adelaide Room for this event. It was a most unusual affair.

There was a magnificent display of the finest of English foods on one side of the room, and the great English cheeses on the other. The guests were served with fresh Dublin Bay prawns cooked in Cornish butter; fillets of prime Aberdeen beef on hot toast; York ham baked in Somerset cyder; and Welsh rarebit of Cheddar cheese stewed in Simonds's ale.

RENE STEIDAM was appointed Grill Room Manager at the Westbury in September this year. French-born, Rene fought with the Resistance in France during World War Two



The drinks began with El Cid sherry and Perrier Jouet champagne, followed by mulled wine which was drawn from a large cask of Beaujolais, actually in the room, and which had been shipped by Coverdale's. This was a barrel with a strange device on top which allows one to open a barrel of wine and to draw it off as required, the wine remaining in good condition for several weeks.

Kenneth Horne was master of ceremonies, which, of course, went with a considerable swing. The guests, which included directors and general managers of many of the leading steamship companies, airway corporations, travel and tourist agencies, British Railways, and other important concerns, seemed thoroughly to enjoy themselves. On leaving, they all received a plastic bag containing a miniature bottle of Kings Vat whisky, a miniature bottle of Drambuie, a piece of Double Gloucester cheese, two maps by Dunlop and Shell, a miles per gallon meter on a key-ring from B.P., a packet of paper handkerchiefs, and, of course, a copy of the gastronomic guide.

Kenneth Hall was there in person, not only to celebrate his twenty-first anniversary, but to make sure it was a gay and successful evening.

Although colleague Helen Burke has already praised the tasting of German wines which took place in the Louis Room of the Café Royal recently, it has caused so much comment that I feel I must make some further mention of it.

It was "conducted" by Walter Sichel in person, in the true sense of the word. He took control of the affair like Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting an orchestra of twenty-one instruments (as there were twenty-one wines to taste) and it was a great disaster that I had to leave before it began, but the reports I have heard all praised both wines and organization to the roof tops.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

The left-overs

It is unlikely that anyone will on this auspicious date be interested in notes regarding cooking temperatures and times for the Christmas turkey, which have already been well planned. After a family gathering, however, when the guests have departed and left us with much more bird than we would normally wish to have on our hands, what to do with the "left-overs" could be a poser, especially for young housewives.

To Christmas dinner itself: I hope that the breast meat of your bird will be tender and juicy, not powdery and dry when carved. In this case, it may be that the thigh part of the legs are not sufficiently cooked. This, I feel, is permissible, because, with a large bird, there should be enough white meat and dark, too, where the heat had full access to it, to serve on the one day. There remain the wings and legs and those wonderful two fillets in the back. What can we do with them?

Here is a Turkey Chipolata, an adaptation of Escoffier's way with jointed raw turkey, and, though a *réchauffé*, it is very good indeed.

For 4 good servings, joint the legs and wings, dust them and the fillets with a little flour, and fry them for a minute or two in 2 to 3 walnuts

of butter. Transfer to a casserole. Fry 10 small onions and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chipolata sausages to a golden brown and add them to the casserole. Work a good teaspoonful of tomato purée into the frying pan and cook it for a minute or two. Add a claret glass of dry white wine and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint stock and rub them around to take up the residue. Pour this sauce into the casserole. Finally, add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. peeled

chestnuts and seasoning to taste, cover tightly and cook at 375 to 400 degrees Fahr. or gas mark 5 to 6 until the chestnuts are soft (about $\frac{1}{2}$ hour). Add a little more stock, if you like. (Two weeks ago I told you how to skin the chestnuts easily.)

With this dish, serve potato croquettes, rolled in chopped almonds and fried to a warm gold in deep fat.

With the final "pickings"—delicious in themselves but not quite presentable on their own—I suggest a creamed turkey flan made this way: Pick the meat from the bones. Cover the carcase with cold water, add an onion, a carrot, a bay leaf, several parsley stalks, a little thyme and freshly milled pepper and salt to taste. Simmer until a good stock is obtained.

Bake a pie shell with good short crust pastry in a flan ring on a baking sheet or in a straight-sided sponge sandwich tin of, say, 7 to 8 inches in diameter.

Now for the filling: Gently cook $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. plain flour in 1 oz. butter. Remove from the heat and stir in up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint strained stock. (I add also up to a tablespoon of sherry, but this is not essential.) Return to the fire, bring to the boil, stirring, and simmer until the sauce thickens. Add the "pickings" and, if you like, a little finely chopped parsley. Meanwhile, slice 2 to 3 good-sized white mushrooms and cook them for a minute in a little butter and a squeeze of lemon juice. Reserve enough for the final decoration and turn the remainder into the sauced turkey.

At the last minute, beat together an egg yolk and 2 to 3 tablespoons of cream or top milk, stir into the other mixture, heat through but do not boil.

Pour all into the hot flan, then garnish with the sliced mushrooms reserved for the purpose, sprinkle a little paprika over the surface and serve at once.

Christmas pudding? So often, much of this is left over, too. While many people—men, in particular—like to have it "stone cold" as "cake," with tea, not all of us could quite face up to that. Hide the *beau reste* and come up with it in, perhaps, a week or so in a new form.

Make a rich batter. Beat 1 to 2 eggs into 4 oz. plain flour, sifted with a pinch of salt. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ pint milk. Break up a cupful of the cold pudding and beat it into the batter. Let it rest for an hour or so. Stir into it a tablespoon of rum or brandy. Drop tablespoons of the mixture into a little fairly hot clarified butter and fry on both sides. Pass quartered lemons with this excellent sweet.

—Helen Burke



for your BOOK TOKENS

PAUL GALLICO

THOMASINA [15/-]

RICHARD GORDON

DOCTOR IN LOVE [12/6]

H. E. BATES

SUGAR FOR THE HORSE [12/6]

"MISS READ"

VILLAGE DIARY [12/6]

JAMES RIDDELL

THE SKI RUNS OF SWITZERLAND [35/-]

DICK FRANCIS

THE SPORT OF QUEENS [21/-]

Lot of love to you both,
Janet and Peter

A three, six or twelve month subscription to the inestimable TATLER is by no means always the best birthday or anniversary gift, but you can be sure that nine times out of ten it will prove to be just exactly right! The TATLER can be sent to anywhere in the world for fifty-two weeks for only £6. 12. 0 (Canada £5. 14. 0; inland £6. 5. 6). Just write to The Publisher, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2.

William Turner,
Medon Park Hall,
Miltonham Spa,
Lancashire, ENGLAND

